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No. 198.

FEEDING THE SPARROWS.

BY ALLAN DEANE.

Each morn when smiling comes the sun,
Or sadder clouds brood chill and low,
Full laden with a weight of snow,
The earth shall bear ere day is done;
When leafless stretch the copse and wood,
And high upon the lone some hills
The keen winds blow with sound that thrills—
The year's loud anthem grandly rolled;
Each morn, by tender instinct sped,
In troops that, cheery, chirp and soar,
I see about my cottage door
The sparrows waiting to be fed.
A merry brown throat feathered crew,
Sagacious 'spite their roguish eyes,
Wise with a sense that underlies
The wildest deeds they seem to do.
Replete with trust that never fails
Though hunger pinch and nests be cold,
As glad a song though winter fold
In May's sweet place the winding vales.
"Here, pets!" The lithe wings flash and whirl;
The lawn hills are opened wide;
And scattering crumbs from side to side,
I watch the pleasant happy stir,
And ponder well Faith's lessons taught,
Disdaining not their worth to take,
Remembering 'tis by such we make
Life's rugged road with beauty fraught.
Time's trials better understood,
The while all work day eark and care
Grows into blessing when, with prayer,
Love-prompted, we murmur: "God is good!"

Gentleman George:

OR,
PARLORE, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET.
A STRANGE ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "MAD DETECTIVE,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVER-
LAND KID," "RED WAZEPAL," "AGE OF
READES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

BILLY'S STORY.

THE girl looked at Billy in astonishment.
"Why, what do you suppose the police want
to know about either Hero or her husband?"
she asked.

"How should I know?" replied Billy, evasively.

"But what did the policeman say?"
"Oh, not much. I met him about five
o'clock this afternoon. I sold out pretty soon
to-day, and I was jes' putting the horse up
when the captain came by, and he jes' asked
how things were working, and leaned up ag'in
an awning-post, jes' careless-like. Well, I told
him that times were pretty middlin'; then he
up an' axed me if I was keepin' company with
you."

"And what did you say?"

"I jes' told him that I hung out round here
sometimes, an' then he said—jes' careless-like,
you know, as if it wasn't any account to him—
didn't a sister of yours get married some time
ago. Now, you see, Artie, this jes' opened my
eyes, 'cos I've seen the captain afore, an' I
knew when he commenced to talk 'bout your
sister that it meant business. I didn't let him
see, you know, that I had 'droyed on him, so
I jes' answered, as innocent as a young pony,
I was playin' on the Jersey flats, that you did
have a sister, an' that she did get married, some time
ago."

"And what did he say then?" asked the girl,
deeply interested.

"Well, he looked up at the sky an' axed me
if I thought that it was going to rain, and if
weak-fish had commenced to run yet. I never
let on, you know, an' answered jes' as nice as
if I didn't know what he was arter. Then he
said that I had a good horse, an' then axed
what was the name of your sister's husband.
I told him Dominick, an' he heared to think
for a moment, an' loved that he thought he
knew a man by that name, and wondered if it
was the same one. In course I went on unharn-
essin' the loss, an' kept as still as a mouse.
Then the captain sed that he really believed
'twas the same man, an' axed me if I had ever
seed' him. I told him I never did. Then he
talked a little while 'bout what the chances
were for the next 'lection; how the ward
would go, etc., and then come plump to the
pint, an' axed me if your sister an' her husband
were living round 'bout here, or if I had seen
'em lately. I told him that I hadn't."

"Did he ask any more questions?"

"Nothin' to speak of; he talked five or ten
minutes more, maybe, but sed nothin' par-
ticular," Billy replied. "Then he walked off
up the street, an' I seed' a little man in dark
clothes jine him."

"Did you know the little man, Billy?"

"I bet yer!" he replied, emphatically; "it
was one of the detectives from the Central Of-
fice. I tell you, Artie, if Hero and her husband
are round there's trouble ahead fur 'em."

The girl remained silent for a few moments,
evidently in deep thought; then suddenly
spoke:

"I'm afraid there is something the matter,
for my sister was at the house to-night, just
after dark, and she looked real sad and care-
worn."

"Did she say anythin' 'bout her husband?"

"Nothing particular. I asked her where
she lived now, but she said that I mustn't ask
questions, and I knew, of course, that she had
some reason for not telling."

"What does Dominick do for a living, any-
way?" asked Billy, suddenly.

"I don't know exactly," the girl replied. "I
believe that he travels, and sells goods by sam-
ples, or something of that kind."

"You know Mickey Shea, don't you, Artie?"

Billy asked, after pondering over the matter
for a few moments.

"Yes," replied the girl, wondering at the
question.

"Do you know how he gets his livin'?"

"Well, I have heard people say that he isn't
any better than he ought to be."



"Why, what do you suppose the police want to know about either Hero or her husband?" she asked.

"He's a reg'lar black sheep, he is, Artie,"
Billy said, decidedly. "He's a dock-rat—steals
any thing he kin get his hands on. He's bin
up to the 'Island' half a dozen times. Was
sent up to Sing Sing once, for five years, but
he's a big man in the ward 'round 'lection time,
an' his gang got him pardoned out. Then they
had him up once fur stabbing a man down in
South street, an' how he ever got out of that I
don't know. I reckon, though, it was political
influence that fixed the job. Mebbe they pigeon-
holed the indictment."

"What's that, Billy?"

"Why, suspended the case an' let him go on
straw bail; put the papers in a pigeon-hole;
so, you see, if he don't work jes' right 'bout
'lection time they kin take the papers out an'
put him through," Billy explained.

"But why did you want to know if I knew
him?"

"'Cos I heard him mention George Dominick's
name, the other night, in a liquor saloon
up the street. The place is kind of a crib
where the snoozers hang out. You see, I met
my old boss, an' we went in to take a smole.
An' while we were l'istin' our 'pison I heered
this Mickey Shea, who was talkin' in a corner
with another rounder, say somethin' 'bout
George Dominick. In course I couldn't make
out what they were a-talkin' about. I only
heered the name. But I kin tell you one thing,
Artie, if your sister's husband is any friend of
Mickey Shea's, he ain't the kind of man fur
your sister to be with."

"I'm afraid that Hero ain't very happy," the
girl said, slowly; "she don't look well at all;
she's real thin, and I never saw her so pale and
careworn before."

"Well, I hope that her old man hain't got
into any trouble, but I'm afraid that he has,"
Billy remarked. "I don't believe the captain
would take the trouble to pump me about him
if there wasn't somethin' up."

"She is living round here, somewhere,"
Artie said, suddenly, "though she didn't say
where she lived. I am p'sure that that ain't
fur off. Do you s'pose that anybody saw her
when she came to see us to-day? any of the
police, I mean?"

Billy gave a low and prolonged whistle. It
was evident that he felt uneasy in his mind.

"Well, Artie, I don't want to discourage you,
but I'm a leetle afraid that they are close on
her track," he replied. "Seeing the detective
with Captain Murphy looks kinder suspicious."

"What do you suppose that they are after
Mr. Dominick for?" Artie asked, with a shud-
der.

"Didn't you read 'bout that fight on the
river, the other night, between the Harbor Po-
lice and a party of river-thieves, when one of
the officers was shot?"

"Yes, I read it."

"Well, do you know it struck me when I
read 'bout that fuss that Mickey Shea an' his
gang had somethin' to do with it," Billy went
on to explain. "You see, Artie, I used to go
round with the boys a good deal in the old

time, an' I knew a heap 'bout these river-rats,
as they call themselves. This Mickey tried one
night to rope me in to go with 'em, an' I jes'
told him what I thought of him an' his crowd
in pretty plain words; then he got mad an'
picked a muss with me, an' it took me 'bout
two minutes to warm him so that his own
mammy wouldn't have known him; an' he had
his crowd with him, too, but there was five or
six of the Fulton Market fellows round, an'
they jes' sed'd that I had a fair show. Mickey
threatened to lay me out, but he knows that I
can flax him an' any two of his gang all put
together if I only have half a chance."

"Do you suppose that my sister's husband
had any thing to do with shooting that officer?"
asked the girl, anxiously.

"In course I don't know any thing 'bout it,"
Billy replied, with a shake of the head. "But,
when the captain tried to pump me to-day
about Dominick, an' I remember hearin' Mickey
speak 'bout him, it jes' struck me that mebbe
he had somethin' to do with that affair."

"If the police were on the watch, perhaps
they followed Hero from the house to-day?"

"That's what I'm afraid of," Billy ob-
served, thoughtfully.

Then up the street with uncertain steps came
a fat, elderly man, gray-haired and heavily
jowled.

It was the venerable Christopher Walebone.
He beheld the couple seated upon the coal-
box and straightened himself up in righteous
indignation.

CHAPTER X.

TIMELY AID.

THE woman proceeded onward with rapid
steps and the Doctor followed close behind.

She entered the door of a large tenement
house, situated on Market street, turned her
head as if for the purpose of seeing that the
man whom she was conducting was at hand,
and then, satisfied that he was following closely
behind, proceeded up-stairs.

The Doctor followed silently; the rustle of
the woman's dress was his guide through the
dark passages.

At a door on the upper landing his conduc-
tor halted.

"This is the place," she said, opening the
door and entering the room.

The Doctor followed, and at a single glance
noted the scanty furniture of the apartment,
and the sick man extended upon the bed.

"I will be back soon," and turning round,
the Doctor observed that the woman had left
the apartment, closing the door behind her. He
understood at once that it was her purpose to
leave him alone with the sick man, and ad-
vanced to the bedside.

Gentleman George nodded his head in salu-
tation. "You are a doctor?"

"Yes."

"I've got a bullet in my shoulder. I thought
that it was only a scratch, or that the bullet had
passed clean through, but from the way it pains

me I have come to the conclusion that the lead
is still in the shoulder."

Silently the Doctor examined the wound;
then he took out a little case of instruments
from his pocket, opened it and selected a
"probe."

A cry of pain came from the lips of the
wounded man, despite his Indian-like hardi-
hood, as the instrument was inserted in search
of the ball.

"The wound is inflamed," the Doctor said;
"it is lucky that you called in medical aid; ten
hours more and it would have been too late. It
is not dangerous, with proper care."

Then another groan of pain, and the Doctor
held up the little conical piece of lead between
his thumb and forefinger.

"There it is, you see."

A long-drawn breath of relief came from
George's lips.

"That's a weight off my mind," he muttered.
"I was beginning to fear that I should lose the
arm."

"As I have said, if it had not been attended
to within ten hours, it would not only have
cost you your arm, but in all probability
your life," the Doctor spoke gravely.

"A narrow squeeze, eh?" Dominick exclaim-
ed, with a light laugh.

"Yes; and even now you must be careful
and not take cold; the wound is very much in-
flamed."

"That comes from neglecting to take care of
it," the wounded man confessed; "but I had
no idea I was so badly hurt. How much do I
owe you, Doctor?"

"Nothing," replied the stranger, wiping the
instruments off carefully and returning them to
the box.

"Nothing?" exclaimed Dominick, in aston-
ishment.

"That is correct," said the stranger, quietly.
"I am not a regular doctor, and do not practice
for a living, but I am always glad to place my
professional skill at the service of any one who
needs it."

"Men like yourself are rare in this world,"
Dominick remarked, thoughtfully.

"Is that true?" queried the stranger, smiling
as he spoke. "And now let me tell you what
you must do to complete your cure," he con-
tinued. "Apply some cooling dressing to the
shoulder, and remain in absolute quiet until the
wound closes; that should be within a week at
the most."

"I'll have it attended to the moment my wife
comes back."

The Doctor turned toward the door, and the
invalid watched him with a nervous face.

"Oh Doctor!" Dominick said, suddenly.

"Well?" and the stranger turned toward the
speaker.

"If I might ask another favor of you—"

"Certainly; what is it?"

"If you will keep your visit here a secret—"

"Of course," the visitor answered. "Your
wife requested that, and I willingly gave her
the promise."

"There are sometimes reasons for things
which a man can not explain."

"Oh, yes, I understand that," the surgeon re-
marked, in an absent sort of way, as he took a
long look at the man stretched upon the bed.

Dominick observed the glance, and wondered
at it.

Then the Doctor turned again and advanced
to the door; but, with his hand upon the knob,
again he hesitated, and turning, faced the sick
man. From the expression upon his face it
was evident that he wanted to speak, but hesi-
tated to do so.

There was a slight pause, during which Domi-
nick surveyed the man, curiosity strongly writ-
ten on his face.

"I beg your pardon," the visitor said, abrupt-
ly, "but your face is very familiar to me, and
yet I can not remember that I have ever met
you before."

George was somewhat astonished, for he was
sure that he had never seen the stranger before.
He therefore shook his head.

"You do not remember to have ever met me
before?" the Doctor remarked.

"No; in fact I am almost certain that we
never met until you came into this room to-
night," was Dominick's confident answer.

"It is very strange indeed," the visitor said,
in a dreamy sort of way. "I could have sworn
that I had met you before—not recently, but a
long time ago."

Again Dominick shook his head. "I am
certain we never met before. I have a most
excellent memory for faces, and I should not
be likely to forget one so strongly marked as
your own."

"Have you any objections to tell me your
name?" the Doctor asked, suddenly.

Dominick thought over the question for a
minute or so.

"I don't know why I should have any objec-
tions," he at length answered. "I am sure that
you would not use the knowledge to my disad-
vantage."

"I give you my word as to that," the other
said, quickly. "I only wish to know to satisfy
myself upon a certain point, and I freely pro-
mise to forget your name the moment the door
of this room closes behind me."

"That is fair enough," Dominick continued;
"and as you have favored me I will try and
oblige you. My name is George Dominick."

The Doctor shook his head; it was plain
that he was disappointed; then he asked:
"You were born in this city?"

"Yes."

"Are your parents living?"

"No, both dead. My mother died when I
was only an infant—I do not remember her at
all—and my father some four years ago."

"It is a most singular circumstance," the
visitor said, reflectively; "your face reminds
me of a woman whom I once knew, and yet
you do not in any particular feature resemble
her at all."

"That is strange."

"Yes; her eyes were brown, while yours
are blue; her hair dark also, and yet, the very
moment I beheld your face, you put me in
mind of her."

"What was the name of the woman?" de-
manded Dominick.

The question was but an idle one, and he
himself if questioned could not have explained
why he asked it.

"Lina Aton."

"A strange name," Dominick remarked. "I
do not think that I ever heard it before."

"Yes, it is strange; well, good-night, and I
hope that you will speedily recover."

The Doctor passed out of the door into the
darkness of the entry.

CHAPTER XI.

HUNTED DOWN.

AS the Doctor advanced along the narrow
dark entry toward the head of the stairs, he
became conscious that some one was in the
passage-way; he could hear the quick breath-
ing, and then the rustle of a woman's dress fell
upon his ear. He guessed at once that it was
the wife of his patient, so he paused, and the
woman came up to him.

"Well, Doctor, she inquired, anxiously, "is
there any danger?"

"Not the slightest unless he takes cold. I
have extracted the ball."

"I am so thankful!" with a sigh of relief.
"Here is five dollars, Doctor; is that enough?"

As she spoke, the woman endeavored to put
the bill into his hand, but he gently repulsed
her.

"I do not require any pay, madam," he said,
firmly, but kindly. "I am not a regular prac-
titioner; only an amateur. It would be down-
right robbery to take pay for the slight service
I have rendered."

She did not attempt to force the money upon
him, realizing that the effort would be fruit-
less.

"You are very kind, indeed, sir," she said,
in a voice full of gratitude; "and I trust you
will not feel hurt if I request that you will not
mention your visit here to any one."

"Certainly not, madam!" he replied, grave-
ly. "Rest assured I will keep it a profound se-
cret; and if you should have any further need
of advice, do not hesitate to call upon me. I
shall be most happy to oblige you."

"Thank you, sir; I shall not forget your
kindness, although I may never have the op-
portunity to repay you for it. Good-night,
sir!"

She passed swiftly along the entry, and en-
tered the room wherein the wounded man lay,
while the Doctor proceeded down-stairs, his
mind busy in deep reflection.

"It is very singular," he muttered, as he de-
scended the narrow stairs; "but the very mo-
ment my eyes fell upon the face of this man,
Lina's image rose before me; and yet there is
not a single individual feature in his face that
resembles her. It is only in the general ex-
pression. If she had married a man of the
German type, large, blonde—a very fair-haired
Saxon—the child of that union would have

looked like this Dominick. It is only a fancy of mine, however, for he knows both his parents, and can not be the descendant of this girl who possessed the face of an angel and the heart of a fiend.

Pondering over the dark memories of the past, the olive-faced stranger descended into the street.

The girl, Molly Bawn, concealed in a neighboring doorway was eagerly awaiting him. "Oh, Mister! come here, quick!" she exclaimed, mysteriously, as he came from the door of the tenement-house, and she stuck close to the place of concealment as she spoke.

"What's the matter, Molly?" he demanded, advancing toward her.

"The cops! Come into the doorway, quick!" she cried, with fiery energy; and as she spoke, she reached out her little hand, as if to pull him into the darkness of the doorway.

"What of them?" he inquired, taking a position by her side.

"They're arter somebody, and I thought maybe that it was you," his little companion explained.

"How do you know that they are arter somebody?"

"Why, I see 'em!" was the confident reply.

"When?"

"Just arter you went inter that old barracks with that woman. Two of 'em came down the street, an' they had a talk right in front of here, an' I know'd 'em. One of 'em was Cap'n Murphy, and the other a policeman on this beat; an' they're arter somebody in that house—the one you went into, an' I thought maybe that it was you."

"I guess they are not arter me," the Doctor remarked; but as he spoke, the thought came to him that he could easily tell who the officers of justice were after if they sought some one in the tenement-house which he had just quitted.

Then the idea occurred to him to warn the parties of whom he guessed the officers were in search.

"You are sure, Molly, that the police are arter some one in that house?" he said.

"I bet you!" replied the girl, emphatically.

"I heard Cap. Murphy say so when he passed by here. He p'inted right to that old barracks and sed, 'He's in the upper front room, an' then I didn't hear no more.'"

"It is Dominick, then!"

The quick ears of the girl caught the muttered words, "an' is it him they're arter an' not you?"

"They are not arter me, that's a sure thing," he replied.

"I bet you I'm glad!" cried Molly.

"You know Dominick?"

"Yes, when I see him."

"He's in an upper front room in that house and sed, 'I'm afraid that it is he the police are arter.'"

"Why, what has he done?" Molly asked, in wonder.

"I don't know that; but, Molly, I think we ought to let him know the officers are arter him."

"That's so!" she exclaimed. "S'pose I run up stairs an' tell 'em that old Murphy is arter 'em?"

"Just what I was going to suggest," the Doctor said. "Do you think you can find the room? It's on the upper floor, front."

"I know the one, I guess! I see'd a light in it as I was comin' down the street."

"Just knock at the door and tell Mrs. Dominick what you heard; say that I sent you; say the Doctor—they'll understand who you mean."

"I'll do it up first-rate!" cried Molly, stepping down to the sidewalk, but then in a second she hopped back to her hiding-place again.

"It's too late!" she cried. "There's the peepers on the other side of the street now."

The girl's sharp eyes had detected the truth. On the opposite side of the street, approaching with measured steps, were five men; four of them wore the blue uniform of the Metropolitan Police, while the fifth was clad in plain clothes. These all crossed the street and halted in front of the tenement-house.

"That big man is old Murphy," the girl said, in a whisper.

From their concealment the Doctor and Molly commanded a view of the squad, and were also near enough to hear their conversation.

"I suppose that we might as well go for him, right away," the police captain said, addressing the gentleman in dark clothes, who was one of the detectives from "Head-quarters."

"Yes; he's up-stairs, safe enough. I tracked his wife from her father's place here, this evening, and I found out from one of the people in the house that there was a young man with blonde hair and mustache lived with his wife in the front apartments, on the upper floor. It's our bird, fast enough."

"Do you suppose that he will offer any resistance?" Murphy asked.

"I think not," the detective replied. "If Mickey Shea spoke truth, he's pretty badly hurt."

"You and I had better go up together; that will be enough," the police captain said.

"Just so," and into the tenement-house went the officers, leaving the three "Metropolitans" on guard at the door.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 106.)

NADIA. THE RUSSIAN SPY; OR, The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE SEA CAT," "THE
BLACK RIBBON," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI. THE BOMBARDMENT.

WHEN Sandy and the Zouave reached the open air a terrible racket was going on. All the Russian batteries, from one end of the lines to the other, were thundering away in a general bombardment, and the allied gunners, not to be outdone, were answering vigorously.

A great white pall of smoke covered the trenches through which the humming *whirr-rr-r!* of round shot was heard, mingled with the *cluh! cluh! cluh! bom! bom!* of the then novel rifle-shells, in our days so common.

Drums, bugles, fifes and bagpipes were all calling to arms along the trenches in quick, imperative tones; for such a sudden bombardment was regarded as the sure prelude to a sally of the besieged; and the besiegers were notoriously weak in numbers at that time.

"Good-by, Peesho," said the Scot, hastily. "I'll tell ye all, some ither time. We maun bairn be gangin'."

The Zouave wrung his comrade's hand, and hurriedly put on his belt to repair to the assembly, while Sandy, as hurriedly, ran to the edge of the ravine, and plunged headlong down the steep descent, unmindful of the hot fire prevailing.

"We're a' in God's hands, and I could nae dodge them," muttered the brave piper, as he rushed down the side of the ravine. "The smoke's unco' theek, and I maun reek it."

In a minute more he was in the bottom of the ravine, just as a ricocheting shot threw a shower of gravel over him, and knocked him flat with the wind of its passage.

It felt like a stunning blow, but Sandy had been knocked over in the same manner before, and he scrambled up in a hurry, picked up his cap and commenced the climb to his quarters in considerable hurry.

It was well he did so, for a second shot lighted on the very spot where he had fallen, and buried itself in the earth with a loud *bom!* an instant later.

Up the steep ascent the brawny Scot toiled, escaping the fearful cannonade by one of those apparent miracles of which a soldier's life is so full; and, ten minutes after, was at the top of the further bank, and in sight of his own camp.

A single glance showed him that it was empty, save for a few officers' servants; and that the regiment was already on the color-line, behind the batteries, faintly discernible in the smoke, which was driving back over them.

"Eh, mon, but it's a sair disgrace to ye," grunted Sandy, as he ran to his tent for his pipes and claymore.

"Fifteen year a piper of the Black Watch, and late at the gathering. Ye maun be like a roebuck to mak' up for this, Sandy."

And run he did, with all his tough Highland shins at full stretch; dashed into the great bell-tent, empty of all but his own accoutrements; wrestled into them with desperate speed, and went off at the double-quick to join his brother pipers at the right of the regiment.

He found the Black Watch behind the batteries, standing in their ranks, resting on their ordered arms, with the peculiar grim, iron silence characteristic of their famous corps. Not a head moved; the officers stood before their companies, leaning on their swords; the grim old colonel sat on his horse in front of the center, the whole regiment might have been thought a row of statues, but for the flutter of plaid and bonnet plume in the fitful breeze.

Sandy's arrival among the pipers was only greeted by a stern frown from the piper-major, who muttered, wrathfully:

"Two days' pay for that, Piper McPherson. Did nae ye hear the gathering, ye deaf loon; or were ye awa' efter some randy quean at the canteen, that ye're sae late?"

"I hoonly beg pardon, meejor," said Sandy, submissively. "I was awa' wi' the Frenchers, sir, and a twal-pund shot sot me on my hunkies wif the whistle of 't, crassing the glen. I hope ye'll excuse me."

"Do! an' excuse," said the piper-major, sourly—like all the British non-commissioned officers, he was as important in his department as the colonel himself—"I see wonerin an' auld sojer like ye, Sandy, s'uld gang efter thea heathen Frenchers; and gin ye talk ony mair, 'twill be three days' pay, ye graceless loon."

Sandy made no answer, but looked sulky; and silence was restored in the grim lines of the Black Watch, while the shot and shell kept screaming over their heads, and every now and then the sharp *boom!* of a bursting bomb was followed by the whistle and whirr of the ragged fragments hurtling round them and knocking the dirt all over them.

Presently an aid-de-camp came tearing along the line, as the fire grew hotter and hotter, and the fragments came nearer and nearer. He pulled up by the old colonel, and spoke, so as to be heard by every one.

"Sir George's compliments, Colonel MacGregor, and please to make the men lie down. The enemy give no further indications of a sally."

Then away galloped the young fellow to the next regiment, and ere he had gone twenty paces, came a terrible report, as a shell struck his horse, and exploded at the instant, tearing rider and steed into a ghastly mass of horrible fragments.

The old colonel turned to the Black Watch as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"Lie down in the ranks," he said; and the men obeyed in silence. But not an officer stirred.

It was not *chiquette*.

The pipers maintained their post also, with grave stolidity, and presently the colonel turned toward them, and silently beckoned with his finger.

"Bonnie Dundee, lads!" said the piper-major, as he blew up his pibroch.

Then, high and piercing over the continual thunder of the tremendous cannonade, rose the shrill notes of the pipes, in the rollicking old Jacobite air that chronicles Highland deeds of nearly two centuries ago. The air was caught up by the 79th to the left, and a cheer ran along the line. It was answered by the loud clangor of the bands of the Zouaves over the ravine, playing, "Partant pour la Syrie," and then, on the other side, by the grand, solemn notes of "God save the Queen," from the Coldstream Guards.

Not to be outdone, the Russians struck up their national anthem, God save the Czar; and the fire slackened on both sides for a full minute, while the opposing hosts shouted defiant cheers to each other across the narrow but deathly space that separated them.

And then, suddenly, the deep, sullen booming of distant cannon, far off in the rear, startled every one in the Allied lines.

The soldiers lying down turned involuntarily in their places, and looked in the new direction, while the cannonade on the part of the Allies ceased as if by magic.

Then the distant booming, at first fitful and irregular, increased to a continuous roar, and announced to the dumbest mind that a terrible conflict must be going on there.

The officers of the Iron Black Watch, for a moment, forgot their dignity, and looked gravely and anxiously at each other. As the cannonade increased, it became plain to every one that some great movement was being undertaken by the Russians, threatening the rear of the besiegers.

The sound came from the direction of their only base of supplies, six or seven miles off, poorly defended by a chain of redoubts, manned by Turks, and covering the harbor, where lay, as thick as in London Docks, the transports and provision ships that brought them all their supplies, to lose which was starvation, defeat, and possible surrender.

Over the mind of the most ignorant soldier the dread possibility flashed, as vividly as over the General himself. A murmur rose:

"Balaklava is attacked!"

CHAPTER XXII.
THE MOSCOW ROAD.

AT noon of next day, a powerful dapple-gray horse, an English thoroughbred, worth many thousand rubles, stood before the door of Prince Gallitzin, waiting for his master.

The horse was evidently a beast of wicked temper, from the way in which he showed the white of his eye and laid back his ears, when any one approached him suddenly. At such times, his tail would shrink in close to his haunches, and the animal, cowering down, looking the embodiment of vice, ready to kick like a steam-engine. Such was the result of

his early English education among grooms, and the same peculiarities had gained him the name of Chert (the Devil) among the prince's grooms.

Presently, however, down the steps came the tall, soldierly form of Gallitzin, closely buttoned up in the dark-green undress uniform of a retired General, and switching his boot with his riding-whip.

"Let him go, Vassili," he said to the groom at the horse's head. "I don't fear old Chert. He knows me."

And he walked fearlessly up to the vicious brute, talking to it in a tone of kindness, under which Chert instantly became quiet and docile, allowing his master to mount him without a kick, a feat no other man in St. Petersburg could have performed.

Then the old prince gathered up his reins, spoke to Chert, and away went the dapple-gray stallion down the street, at a killing pace, toward the Moscow gate.

The prince was by no means unarmed. In either holster of his military saddle reposed a Colt's revolver, and the old nobleman could snuff a candle at twenty paces with a bullet.

The few idlers that gathered round the steps of the palace to see the prince depart, had done so, merely attracted by the commanding grace of his demeanor. None of them dreamed that, in taking this seemingly ordinary morning ride, the proud old noble was knowingly risking his life.

And yet such was the case.

Gallitzin was fully aware that three police spies stood at different parts of the street to watch him, and knew that, if he gave any offense by his actions, he would be arrested, on one pretense or another.

Accordingly, ere Chert had taken twenty bounds at the pace at which he started, he was sharply reined up by his master, and compelled to proceed at a slower rate—an indignity which he resented by jumping from side to side, plunging and rearing, in a manner that few horsemen could have sat out, undisturbed.

But the prince could see several mounted police on the way to the Moscow gate, and was careful to give them no excuse for stopping him, by furious riding.

As he passed the first, the man called out to him:

"Be careful, prince. Remember the ukase on fast riding."

"When I ride over eight miles an hour, stop me!" cried Gallitzin. "Till then, keep your tongue from insulting a Boyar of Russia."

As he spoke, out of a cross avenue rode a mounted officer, followed by several orderlies, all at full speed.

The officer, passed by Gallitzin, waved his hand, and cried:

"Ride with me, prince. I am on duty."

In a moment Gallitzin was beside him, and dashing toward the Moscow gate at full gallop; for in the officer he had recognized the czarévitch himself.

And the czarévitch was exempt from the ukase, with all his immediate friends.

Gallitzin laughed as they galloped along, for the mounted police drew back and saluted the czarévitch, giving up all notion of stopping him or his companion.

In another five minutes they were through the gate, and the grand duke waved his hand in farewell, as he turned to the right, and left Gallitzin.

The old prince lifted his hat and bowed, spoke to Chert, and away went horse and man on the way to Moscow, now out of the city limits.

Chert went magnificently. All his vice and temper had disappeared in the tremendous burst of energy with which he covered mile after mile of the dusty road, and he fairly seemed to fly.

Not till ten miles intervened between himself and St. Petersburg, a distance accomplished in half an hour, did the gallant horse slacken his pace, and then only in obedience to his master's hand.

The old prince pulled him up to a walk, and allowed Chert to breathe and snort away his temporary distress, while Chert's rider keenly inspected a couple of ox-carts, which were slowly rumbling along the road behind his slow team, on the road before him.

Gallitzin, experienced in police intrigue, suspected the innocent-looking ox-cart.

There were too many men with it.

Four in all, one drove the cart, another lay on the hay which loaded it, two more trudged alongside, with scythes over their shoulders.

The prince walked his horse slowly along, about a hundred yards in rear of the cart, and the cart stopped.

The old noble halted, too.

"So that's your game, is it?" he muttered. "Let us see if it will succeed."

He looked all round the landscape. It was a flat plain like the steppe, but dotted with patches of forest. Not a human being was in sight, save those with the ox-cart, and over a distant belt of scrubby pine wood rose the green spire of a little country church.

That spire marked the center of a village on Gallitzin's own estates.

He might have reached it by a cut across country, but to do so would imply a fear of the men with the ox-cart, which he disdained to show.

Suddenly taking his resolution, he drew a pistol from his holster, and dashed down straight at the ox-cart at full speed. As he had anticipated, all four men strung themselves across the road to dispute his progress, and the men with the scythes ran forward with uplifted weapons, as if resolved to hamstring the horse at the first opportunity.

Down on the spires thundered the gallant old prince, till within ten paces, when he suddenly threw Chert on his haunches, wheeled sharp to the left, and fired three shots into the group as he galloped away into the forest.

One of the men fell, and the rest uttered fearful oaths as they ran after the daring veteran.

A man threw the sharp scythe he bore, with deadly aim, at the prince's horse, the blade cutting a gash in the animal's haunch, but not crippling it, as luck would have it.

Gallitzin scraped his way past safely, and then halted.

With pitiless accuracy he fired the nine shots remaining to him at the three men still unwounded, who were all unprovided with firearms.

When they fled, he pursued them mercilessly.

Late that evening, Prince Gallitzin rode in at the Moscow gate of St. Petersburg, on a black Arab, and the first person he met was the minister of police in his carriage.

"I have just received important news from Sebastopol," quoth Gallitzin, as he passed. "If you want to hear it, ask his imperial highness, the czarévitch, whom I just met."

Gruffly ground his teeth as the prince rode off, laughing.

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE POLISH OFFICER.

IN front of General Pelissier's quarters stood a dark iron-gray barb, with an officer's accoutrements. It was held by a turbaned Spahi,*

*In the French cavalry the Spahis occupy the place

the orderly on duty. General Pelissier was the French second in command; and at the moment the cannonade began he was seated in his tent, talking to a very handsome young officer in the dress of a captain of Guides, whose downy black mustache hardly redeemed his face from effeminacy.

"And so you think I make a good cavalier, General," said the youthful officer, smiling.

"I think you a devilish deal too handsome," said the old soldier, stroking his white mustache, and scanning the other critically; "but still I will say this, that if I had a daughter—which God forbid, for women are troublesome creatures—I'd think twice before trusting her anywhere near you. Do you know that you have an infernally rakish air, my dear captain—ah—I forget."

"Captain Count Nadetski," said the young officer, laughing. "You must not forget that, General, seeing that you yourself recommended me for my commission."

Pelissier grinned. He was a tough old soldier, given to much bad language, and innumerable cigarettes and "petites verres," (anglicized, "drinks," "horns," "smiles," "eye-openers," etc.)

"Captain Count Nadetski," he said, "I am glad, for my own sake, that the countess has gone back to Varna. Were she here, I think you would make me feel uncommonly jealous. But since you are here—"

"Brother," said Nadetski, as the other hesitated, "and hating Russia as fiercely as only a Pole can, General,"

"Ma foi, it needs no glasses to see that, count. But, being her brother, and the countess being my good friend, I now ask you, what do you propose to do for us?"

"More than all your spies can do for you," said the young Pole, boldly. "I can go inside the Russian lines, and find all their plans, ay, even to what passes in Mentschikoff's cabinet."

"Good promises, count," said Pelissier, dryly. "When you have executed them, I will promise you promotion. What do you propose to do first, and have you any thing to tell me now?"

"I have much, General," said the Pole, calmly. "Had I not been detained so long at the outposts, the news would be invaluable. As it is, it may enable you to save the army. To-day, probably by this time, General Liprandi, with thirty thousand troops, will attack Balaklava, where he expects to drive out the Turks like sheep, take the redoubts, and destroy every ship in the harbor."

Pelissier started up.

"Are you mad, young man? To-day I will—"

"Boom! boom! boom! the terrible cannonade opened, and the battle was begun, as Pelissier spoke."

"That is only a feint," said Nadetski, quietly. "They expect to divert your troops from Balaklava by threatening a sally. Keep cool, General. You'll hear them at Balaklava soon."

The general stood listening to the fast-increasing cannonade in silence for some minutes. He heard the drums and bugles calling to arms, and the shouts of the Russians threatening a sally, but he hardly heeded them, in the light of the news he had just received.

"Do you dare to take your statement to Raglan?" he asked abruptly of Nadetski. "Remember, I don't know you, young man. You're devilish like a young friend of mine, to be sure, and bear strong recommendations, but if I act on your advice, I must strip my front to protect Balaklava, which may not really be assailed. Raglan is nearer there. Will you dare go to him?"

Nadetski rose.

"With pleasure, General; but I warn you that you are losing time. The attack will not be here, but at Balaklava."

"Go and tell Raglan," said Pelissier, obstinately. "Here, I'll write a note recommending you, and he shall take the responsibility. I'll send the light cavalry, but not a man else, that's flat."

The veteran General sat down and scrawled a hasty note, the cannonade increasing every moment, while the *boom!* of an occasional bursting shell came nearer and nearer every time, though the General's quarters were far behind the lines.

When it was finished the young Pole took it with a grave bow, and left the tent, when the French General called for his horse and rode down toward the trenches.

The Captain of Guides, however, rode in exactly the opposite direction as soon as he had mounted the gray barb. The animal dashed along at a rapid, easy gallop, skirting the French right, and going toward the rear of the English, where, on a gentle hill, stood a long, rambling cluster of cottages, over which waved the flag of Lord Raglan, the English commander.

As Nadetski approached, he saw the white-headed General, surrounded by his staff, sitting on horseback on a commanding eminence, surveying the long white line of smoke that hid the front of Sebastopol.

The count galloped up, himself the most gorgeous figure in sight, with his green dolman, furred pelisse, wide scarlet trousers, and fur cap so loftily plumed.

Raglan nodded curtly in answer to the salute, and hastily tore open the note. As soon as he read it his face changed, and he beckoned the young Pole near.

"Gentlemen," he said to his staff-officers, who were clustering near, "fall back fifty paces. I wish to speak to this officer."

In a moment they were alone, and Raglan asked:

"Well, sir, what news? General Pelissier tells me you have important news. What is it?"

In a few words Nadetski repeated his story. The English commander mused; but his musings were suddenly interrupted by the opening gun at Balaklava, followed by the total cessation of the allied fire.

Raglan listened, and a look of fear and anxiety came over his usually calm old face.

"The news is true," he muttered. "Why did it not come five hours sooner? Then we might have saved the redoubts; now—"

As he spoke he looked over the intervening country toward Balaklava. From where they were, the smoke of conflict was seen rising, rising over the crest of a hill, while the booming of cannon became incessant.

They could see, from where they were, the slope of the hill at Balaklava covered with dark, moving masses, edged with white smoke, announcing the Russian columns moving to attack the Turkish batteries.

Then at last the English General seemed to shake off his momentary apathy and roused himself.

"Those Turks fight well behind walls. They'll hold them till we can snecor them. Colonel, here, quick!"

He beckoned to one of his staff who galloped up.

"To Lord Lucan instantly. Tell him to saddle up every thing and trot to Balaklava."

that the better known Zouaves and Turcos did among the foot-soldiers. They are Africans, Moors, Arabs, etc., with a few Frenchmen, and offered by French for the most part. They wear the Oriental dress similar to the Zouaves, with long boots instead of shoes and gaiters. The renowned General, the "Lion Killer," belonged to the corps. The "Guides" were a recently reformed Hussar regiment, part of the Imperial Guard (now abolished, 1873), whose duties consisted in furnishing escorts, couriers, etc., to the highest officers of France.

At length, finding she had dismissed all thought of his existence, she ventured to change position and regard her more attentively. She was leaning her head against the window-pane, looking away off over the dreary western landscape to the scenes and the friends—so he imagined—that she had left behind; and the dark eyes had now softened from splendour to beautiful. She was not such a terrible person, after all, and the lieutenant's courage slowly came back to him. He began to realize the fact that he was sitting opposite a magnificent creature. She was both blonde and brunette, hair and eyes black as jet, and cheeks a clear red and white. Her nose was divinely Grecian, with just enough *rebrousse* about it to show that it was moderately human. Add to these charms a becoming little turban hat and a delicious figure set off by a stylish gray traveling suit, and you have the *tout ensemble* of my heroine.

It straightway became the fondest wish of the heart of Lieutenant Washington Murray to get acquainted with this beautiful being who had so unexpectedly entered his presence; but, although he was a good-looking man and a brave soldier, yet most of his later years had been passed on the frontier, and it may be doubted if the society of Modoc belles and Ute squaws is particularly calculated to give a man confidence in the presence of the more fashionable ladies of the East.

He unbuttoned his linen duster so as to display his uniform to better advantage, sighed audibly and wished he had courage to offer her the copy of Wilkie Collins' *New Magdalen*, which he had beside him. But, while the lady's beauty commanded his admiration and her sadness his sympathy, there was a gentle dignity about her that forbade his expressing either feeling. He felt that, unless something extraordinary occurred to break the ice, it would be impossible for him to address her.

Fortunately something extraordinary did occur, and that in a manner entirely unexpected. The conductor came around for the tickets. Our warrior held in his hand the two or three surviving coupons of a long string that had brought him from San Francisco. The conductor came to the lady first and touched her arm to attract attention. She turned upon him as if to resist some familiarity; then, seeing who he was, began searching her pocket for her portemonnaie. Failing to find it there she nervously opened her traveling-bag—a beautifully-worked worsted one with the letters "L. E." in monogram upon it—but it was not there either. The conductor held out his hand emphatically.

"Well, ma'am," he said, at length, gruffly. "The lady seemed to have lost all self-possession. She looked up in a frightened manner, her beautiful eyes filled with tears; then said, appealingly:

"I—I think I have lost my purse—"

"Where are you going?" asked he, eying her suspiciously.

"To Toledo."

"No one rides free on this road."

Lieutenant Murray, though not as funny as Mark Twain, was quite as tender-hearted. He "never could stand a woman's tears." Acting upon a sudden impulse he bent forward as if taking something from the floor, and tearing off his Toledo coupon held it toward the young lady.

"I think this must be yours," he said, respectfully; "it was on the floor."

"Oh, thank you," she cried, seizing it and giving it to the official, who, not one bit surprised at her conduct, merely nodded and returned it, and then turned to the lieutenant for his. Of course that gentleman was obliged to pay his fare; but, thought he to himself, joyfully, the happiness of having served a beautiful young lady and the possibilities of a further acquaintance, are well worth five or six paltry dollars. And the prospect did seem to have brightened considerably; for instead of turning back to the window, she looked straight at him and warmly expressed her sense of obligation. She did not know what she should have done had he not found her ticket. She had no friends nearer than Toledo, and could not thank him sufficiently. During all which time the lieutenant was blushing delightedly, and insisting upon it that he had done nothing deserving so overwhelming an amount of gratitude. He hoped he might be permitted to apologize for having deprived her of the use of a whole section. He was sure he regretted it very much indeed, or at least—he added, growing bolder—he ought to regret it, but could not bring himself to do so very heartily, since it had enabled him to do her a service.

At this she beamed upon him with those fine eyes in a manner quite bewildering; said it was she who should apologize for being so rude when she first came in, begged him to sit beside her—"it must make his head swim to ride backwards"—and the long and short of it was that long before dark they were talking quite cozily and unrestrainedly together.

The lieutenant had certainly found a very entertaining, as well as beautiful companion. She at once accused him of being a soldier, and was sure he was coming home from the Indian wars covered with glory, though, she added mischievously, he didn't seem covered with wounds. Then with that delicate art which pretty women so well understand, she drew from him a description of his camp life and frontier experiences, subjects which she knew he could talk best upon, bestowing upon his glowing accounts all the rapt attention with which Desdemona flattered Othello. Now and then she made a pretty mouth, as he unconsciously indulged in some phrase of the camp, or sometimes she gave a bewitching little cry of horror as he described a night attack.

And the soldier, looking down into those dark eyes, felt such ecstasy as he had never known before. It was not until the twilight shadows began to gather and the lamps were lighted, that he began to realize he had been talking all this while of himself and his own concerns. So he tried to turn the conversation to other topics, and gradually prevailed upon his beautiful seat-mate to speak of herself. By skillful questioning he learned that she was a boarding-school Miss returning home for the vacation; that her father was a rich old merchant of Toledo, who thought every thing of his daughter; and how she was expecting to surprise him by arriving one day sooner than he expected. Then she suddenly blushed to find herself talking so freely to a stranger, and still artlessly went on.

Never so pleasant a *tele-a-tele* interrupted as when the porter came around to make up the berths. Was ever so romantic a beginning for an acquaintance.

At Lieutenant Washington Murray, what would your brother officers say if they knew that before you had been one week away from them you had struck your colors to a woman? You are head over heels in love, you know you are; and that terrible "upper four" is to you a bed of roses this night, for in your dreams continually you are talking with a delightful little fairy in a turban hat and gray traveling-suit.

The first waking thought of our hero was connected with his charming "chance acquaintance" of the night before; but that thought was saddened by the prospect of a speedy separation. She was to stop at Toledo,

and he, alas! must go on East at once. But he would see as much of her as possible during the brief time yet remaining, and perhaps it might be arranged so that they should meet again. He arose and betook himself to the platform for a smoke. The lady was by no means so early a riser, and it was not until they were quite inside the city that he, returning to the car for the fourth or fifth time, found her getting her traps together, preparatory to leaving the train. She greeted him cordially, but there was little time for further conversation.

"Can I do any thing for you?" he asked, as they rolled into the depot.

"You are very kind; but there is nothing—unless, indeed, I may trouble you to get me a carriage. As my father does not expect me, ours will not be here."

"Pardon me," he said, blushing to the roots of his curly hair; "you have lost your purse, and it is awkward to be without money. Might I offer—?"

"Oh! thank you," she answered, laughing and blushing in turn; "I am going directly home, and shall not need it."

"And am I never to see or hear of you again?"

"That depends upon yourself"—with an encouraging smile. "I should be happy to have you call upon me. Do you stop in Toledo?"

"No, I am obliged to report at Washington immediately."

"Well, you'll come some time, will you not?" and she handed him a delicate bit of cardboard on which was the name, "Lillian Egerton," and an address. He thanked her and proffered his own card in return as they left the train. Then he went off in search of a carriage, and presently returning, he whispered, as he placed her in it:

"Would you think me too bold, Miss Egerton, if I should write to this address?"

"I think not," she answered, very sweetly indeed, and held out her hand. He pressed it an instant, and then the man drove off and left him taking off his hat at the carriage window.

A week later found Lieutenant Murray at home and among friends; but he did not forget his beautiful traveling companion and her permission to write. He indited at once one of his sweetest and most impressive epistles. And, among other things, he found it impossible to resist telling her about the tickets—how it was not her own ticket at all that he had given her, and what a fine joke it was. He waited in a fever of impatience for an answer. After many days it came. It was not very long, but might be called very forcible and exhaustive.

"You dear Goose," it ran, "I don't take the trouble to answer all the foolish letters that are written to me; but you are so green that I can't help telling you a thing or two. Don't be imposed upon by every pretty girl who is traveling without a protector. I knew very well it wasn't my ticket you gave me—I never had any ticket; and my money was in my pocket all the time. I always let somebody else pay my fare. It's cheaper—for me. Call on me when you are in Toledo."

The lieutenant will be in Toledo soon on his way back to duty, but it is doubtful if he calls on Miss Egerton. Would you call on a lady who calls you a goose? Besides, he doesn't feel quite sure about the social position, rich old father, and all that. At any rate, he has examined a catalogue of the seminary, and can find no such name as Lillian Egerton in its columns.

Moral: Be sure you are right before you drive ahead.

A Sister's Art.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"I TELL you I detest Lisle Alchester!"

"Very pronounced to detest my one June; decidedly unpollitic to detest Lisle Alchester of all men. And pray, what may be your appreciation of that Corsair-like person, Harold Ray? There is a difference, I presume."

"There is a difference, Viola. You are not so far lacking in perception not to have detected that."

"By no means. It was evident enough, I confess. You danced with him eight times last night, and but twice with poor smitten Lisle."

"Poor smitten Lisle! survived under your kind consideration."

"Don't dodge the issue, June. You rendered yourself conspicuous by your devotion to the beggarly hanger-on, Harold Ray. I absolutely heard your names bandied together. You meant nothing by it, I am ready to believe, but, as an elder sister was compromised, in a measure, by the reflection you cast, I feel it my duty to remonstrate, to request there shall be no recurrence of the same."

"Sisterly affection is always so liberal, I dare say—to sacrifice the dearest hope of earth for a pretense."

There was bitterness in June Farleigh's voice. There was no sympathy between these two, no warm outgushing of love, very little liking, indeed, sisters though they were. Poor, faulty June, who flew into tempers, whose boiling wrath and indignation bubbled over daily, bore all the censure for their differences. Viola, calm, sweet, unimpassioned, who was never in a rage in all the twenty-two years of her life, "little lower than the angels are," how could any blame attach to her? June was only eighteen—foolish little June—and had but lately fallen headlong into an idolatry of which fresh-hearted eighteen is capable.

"I trust so if the 'dearest hope' has any thing to do with Harold Ray. The pretense is at least a respectable sort of affair, your conduct of late, my dear, not to be tolerated."

Viola's "my dears" always had a tinge of acidity at the bottom of their sweetness.

"I don't see any thing very wrong in it."

"Not in setting people's tongues to wagging?—and they are very uncharitable tongues sometimes. I can admire your courage, while I do not applaud your wisdom. However, my duty as an elder sister leads me to remonstrate. That reminds me I promised Lisle you should go with him to Sutton Wood to make these sketches to-day."

"Decidedly kind of you, but I happen to have an engagement."

"You promised him yourself, you know, and that engagement must take the precedence. Do try to be civil to Lisle for once in your life, and, as it is within half an hour of his time to call, you had better dress unless you prefer going in that more suggestive than picturesque attire."

Said attire was a limp wrapper, long since departed from its pristine brightness of violet tint. June was a careless mortal, but after all it was not entirely her fault that her wrappers were faded and old. Viola's were crisp and fresh, but any one knows these qualities wear out by the time they reach second-hand-ness.

"I mean to dress, but I don't mean to go to Sutton Wood. Go yourself if you care so much for your pet Lisle."

"Certainly, my dear, though I don't suppose he will appreciate the favor, especially as I

don't sketch. Your favorite Ray stood by at the time and made arrangements for meeting you there with Laura Sutton. Under the circumstances of course I shall not urge your inclination."

Harold going. June was not above inconsistency with that prospect in view. Sutton Wood saw her that day despite her vehement assertion to the contrary. October frosts had turned the foliage; the green water of the winding creek had taken a brownish tinge; great rocks scattered in the bed of it lifted grizzled heads surrounded by wreaths of foam, and the swift, noisy dark current rushing between leaped a shallow fall and broadened into a silent basin, where a treacherous under-suction was more to be dreaded than the rush above. Along the banks masses of red and yellow vines softened their rugged sides to lines of beauty.

June sketched busily, though by no means absorbed in her work. Lisle Alchester came in for still less of her attention, which wandered to points not included in the picture growing under her little white fingers.

"I thought Mr. Ray was to be here," she said, at last, "he and Laura Sutton."

"Did you? He proposed something of the sort, but your sister quashed the idea. Deuced clever of her, said something about two being company and three or four for that matter; none; and, besides, Miss Sutton was to call on her about some fol-de-rol in the way of stitches. You can't imagine how relieved I was. She's a rum girl, that sister of yours, Miss June, and it's jolly nice here by our two selves. Don't you think so?"

"Hum, which? Sit a little further back, if you please, Mr. Alchester. I don't wish my work thrown literally into the shade."

Mr. Alchester accordingly edged away a couple of inches, with his light, rather startled eyes fixed admiringly upon the pretty picture of the bright bowed head and flushed cheeks and trim figure in walking dress of russet brown. He was a florid, sandy-haired young man, very sincere in his loveliness, very obtuse in detecting it unfavorably received, and so good-natured withal that even June's heart sometimes misgave her after she had snubbed him unmercifully. Mr. Alchester found a heaven of content in sitting even in silence this near her, feasting his gaze upon the loveliness which had taken him unresisting captive. All life in a prolonged situation like this was all he would have asked for at the moment. Not so June. The pretty head came up with a conscious jerk presently.

"What do you look at me that way for? I don't like to be stared at. Do, for goodness' sake, turn your eyes somewhere else."

"I can't find any thing else so pretty to look at. I wish you would let me have you to look at always, June, dear."

June dear started to her feet impatiently.

"Then I'm all out of humor for drawing any more to-day. I can't abide people to be always talking when I'm at work. Let's go home."

"Do you want to, really?" Mr. Alchester queried, disappointedly. "I'm not half ready yet. I've got Owen Meredith in my pocket. I don't care much for the fellow myself, but you do, I know. Heard you say as much after Ray's reading, the other night. Run good fellow, Ray! Pity he's so confoundedly poor and proud."

"Pride and pride aren't cardinal sins, are they?" There was half-deceit, half-sarcasm in the question, June is so accustomed to pitching battle for the sake of her friends.

"How you do take one up! Not sins, of course not, but he stands in his own light, you see. He might have Laura Sutton for asking her, but she's poor and she's rich, and so he won't ask."

"How do you know?" she queried, sharply.

"Bless me, I can't say exactly. It's no secret, rights in general, I believe. It'll come all right before a great while, take my word for it. Old Sutton is such a stiff and staunch democrat, believes in men being born free and equal and all that, he's favored Ray from the first, too, and he's sure to open some way for him. I shouldn't wonder if the trip to Europe in the spring would be a wedding trip. On my soul I wish—"

"Well, are you coming?" interrupted June, coldly. She knew perfectly well that Mr. Alchester's wish would be that his own wedding trip might follow shortly, and just then any tenderness from him would have set her wild.

"Yes, I suppose so," as he picked himself and sketch-book reluctantly up. "Shan't we come back and have this thing finished to-morrow?"

"I can finish it at home."

"Don't be in such a hurry, June. I've got something to say, and somehow I don't seem to get any chance."

"I'm going to cross the rocks," said June, springing recklessly down the shivering banks to escape the proposal she felt was coming.

"You're not afraid, I suppose?"

"I don't know. The water makes my head dizzy. Do come back, won't you?"

"Go around the bridge if you like better. I shall go around this way."

Little as he might be inclined to favor a passage over the broken line of rocks overhanging the fall, Lisle Alchester would not desert his close allegiance. He followed more cautiously, and June was half-way over when he arrived at the beginning of the perilous crossing. It was not the water made her head dizzy, and caused black spots to swim in the sunning before her eyes. They were there, however; they blinded her and she made a mis-step on one of those smooth, slippery stones. She shrieked and caught at the air, then the rough force of the fall swept her down. Lisle Alchester had one glimpse of her bright hair and white face as the black waters below closed over her. Even a fair, weak, effeminate man may be a hero on an occasion. He was that day nerved by a strength greater than any other event could have brought him.

He plunged into the depths and fought with the fierce underflow for the victim it had clutched, fought and conquered, and never felt his own fatigue until June's blue eyes opened near an hour later in the cottage just out of the wood to which he had carried her. Then he fainted, and it would have been hard to say which was the dearest looking individual conveyed back in the carriage he had sent for, which shortly afterward arrived for June.

No lasting ill consequences were destined to follow the adventure. An afternoon and night of rest restored the two participants, and Viola, who for a few short hours had held her peace, opened fire on the following morning.

"Such a romantic turn of affairs ought to have been improved, June. Did you throw yourself into the arms of your deliverer when you came back to consciousness, and plaintively murmur, 'Take me, I am thine'?"

"Don't begin such ridiculous nonsense, Viola."

"Lisle would not have thought it ridiculous in the least. Did he not propose at all? I positively thought he intended to."

"And very kindly lent you his aid. He didn't propose, and you fibbed to me yesterday."

"Well, my dear, it was for a worthy object. You would agree with me if you weren't love-blind."

"Vi, for Heaven's sake don't quarrel with me now. Was Harold here yesterday?"

"Mr. Ray was here."

"With Laura Sutton?" A gasp with the words and a feverish eagerness which would not be repressed.

"Yes. I fancy you've heard something of the truth, June. I did what I shouldn't have done but to cure you of a silly penchant for a man who don't care a fig for you. I hinted something of a rumor I had heard as I talked aside with him for a moment, referring to an engagement on hand. 'I'm not engaged yet, Miss Farleigh,' he said, 'but I hope soon to be.' And—well, June, you only needed to have seen the look in his eyes as he turned to Laura."

June covered her face and lay still after that. Later Viola looked into the room again, where the silent figure had scarcely stirred upon the couch.

"Lisle is here," she announced. "You must go down and thank him; I haven't a doubt but you treated him shabbily yesterday. If it were only to show a little spirit I'd take Lisle if I were you, June."

"I wish you would. You make me hate his name."

"Unfortunately he has no idea of giving me the opportunity. I don't admire his taste, and I am too conscious of how shabby my dresses are getting, and the fact that the wherewithal to get more has been melted to the last penny, to be over-particular on chances. I don't expect much from you, but for your own sake you might take a common-sense view."

That curse of poverty had laid its iron finger on them with a pressure which even June could not ignore. But what matter did it make now—that or any thing again in the world?

The words which had been on Lisle Alchester's lips yesterday rushed up and were uttered as she stood, listless and pale before him.

"You're a dashed sight too good for me, June, I know that. But I love you, and I'll be good to you, I will indeed, and can't you give me the life I saved, darling?"

"It was in June's heart to cry out, 'Oh, why did you not let me die?'"

Instead, her little cold hand lay passive in his, and she said, "Yes," in the simplest, dearest manner, which would have satisfied no one under the sun but Lisle Alchester. Two months after that she uttered her marriage vow in the little gray chapel, and went home to the wedding-breakfast, not quite a leaden-hearted bride, perhaps, but not joyful, not happy, scarcely resigned.

"I gave you one present, June, but I have another in my charge," said Laura Sutton, something cold, hard and ringing in her voice, as she found the bride alone during the morning.

"This is it," And untwisting a little wisp of silver paper, there lay soft, dark, curling lock of hair in June's hand. "I cut it myself from Harold Gray's dead head!"

"Dead?" Such shocked, startled, agonizing questioning.

"Of a broken heart if ever man died of one, whatever the doctors say. It must be a happy remembrance to you, the way you beguiled him when you were Alchester's betrothed." Laura was bitter against her, for she had loved Harold Ray, and been passed over by him.

"I did not; I never did. He was false, not I. He told Viola he hoped to win you."

"Viola told him in his hearing of your engagement. May you and as much happiness as you desire, Mrs. Alchester." And bitter still, unbelieving, Miss Sutton swept away. Before June's anguished eyes Viola dawned next, Viola with warning in her face.

"For mercy's sake don't expose yourself now, June. Alive or dead he is nothing to you."

"You lied to me," accused June, in intensest calm. "He was never false to me."

"I never said it, my dear. In fact, he expressed a hope to engage himself to you, which in duty bound nipped in the bud. It was all for the best, my little *arriere pensee* with the rest."

"Your 'mental reservation' has blasted my life. I wish I was dead with him."

Hearts seldom break, and death does not come to youth at will. June lived, and Viola lived with her in her husband's home, and made a brilliant match through aid of Alchester's generosity.

Was not treachery punished then? Reluctantly, for the moral's sake, Laura never no. Was misery the life-long portion of that suffering, wronged one? Not so. Alchester's love was too true and tender not to win a return, and whatever "might have been," June is content.

Mrs. Brown's Ride.

BY ETHEL E. REXFORD.

"Who's that a-canterin' by?" asked aunt Mahala Brown of her niece, as some one rode by on horseback.

"Miss Douglas, I guess," answered Dora.

"Did I ever tell you about my first ride horse-back?" asked aunt Mahala, laughing at the recollection of it till the tears ran down her face.

"No, never," answered Dora. "Tell me about it now, please. There's plenty of time before getting dinner to cooking."

"I dun no but I will," said aunt Mahala, folding her hands across her lap as she always did when telling a story. "You see, in my young days, I was the mesterhand to read novels as 'Children of the Abbey,' an' 'Miranda,' an' 'Lorenzo an' M'Issa,' an' the like, an' I got to be the romanticest critter you ever see. I rally bleeved I couldn't marry nobody but a prince or a lord, an' I allus was on the look-out fer one to cum along. I never laid a novel down till I'd got to the end. Mother, she'd say she'd burn 'em up if I didn't quit bein' so bewitched over 'em, but land! I couldn't help it. I was jest the right age to make a fool of myself, an' I guess I did."

"One day Sally Thompson cum over to our house, an' I knew she'd got suthin' to tell by the looks of her. So bymby she let it out, as I knew she'd hev to."

"Mahala," sez she, "we've got a boarder over to our house."

"Who?" sez I.

"An artist," sez she. "A man that paints pictures, from New York. He's goin' to paint a picter o' Puffen's Pond. Goin' tew begin to-morrow."

"An artist?" sez I, kinder ketchin' my breath. "Is he handsome, Sally?"

"Rale good-looking," sez Sally, sez she. "I tell you what, Mahala, he'd jest suit you. He looks f'ale romantic, with his long hair a-hangin' down onto his shoulders. I dunno but I should a-fell slap into love with him ef 't hadn't been fer Josi." Josi was her beau. "The minit I see him, sez I to myself, 'that's the very feller fer Mahala,' an' I run over to-day to tell you about it. Cum over an' git' acquainted."

"An artist! I tho't the mator all over, an' concluded, as there wasn't any princes or lords in this country, I might as well take up with an artist as anybody."

"I'd jest been readin' a story about 'fast impressions,' and the idee got into my he'd that would be a fine thing to make a favorable impression on the artist's fast time he see me."

an' fin'ly I decided to take ole Bill, our hoss, an' ride over to Puffen's Pond the next afternoon. So I hunted up an ole black bum-bazett dress, an' made it long by piecin' down the skirt. Then I got an ole pling hat o' father's an' cut it over so's 'twould fit, an' trimmed it with black silk. I wanted a feller awful bad, but didn't know where to git one more'n the man in the moon.

"As I was meditatin' on it, mother's old speckled rooster that she set the world by hopped up on the fence an' crowed fit to split. A bright idee struck me. Why couldn't I git his tail feathers? Mother was in the milk-house an' wouldn't see me. I run down stairs an' out in the garden, an' took after him. He run like all posset, in among the currant bushes, an' over the onion beds, an' through mother's summer savory patch, an' I kept tight to his heels. He hollered an' cackled, but I got holt of him at last, right by the tail, an' as I was a-goin' to git him by the neck till I could pick out what feather I wanted, he giv' an awful screech an' a flop, an' away he went, leavin' every tail-feather he had in my hand. Land! wa'n't I scared! Ef mother found it out she'd be mad 's hops. I couldn't help laffin' to see how comik-ke he lookt canterin' about botailed."

"I fixt my hat, an' it looked awful stylish, I tho't. I took it an' hid it under the bottom shelf o' the linen cupboard fer fear mother'd find it."

"After supper I heerd mother a-hollerin' down in the garden, an' I run out to see what the matter was."

"Mahala," sez she, 'suthin's been after our old rooster. His tail's gone slick's a whis'le. D'y'e s'pose it's skunks?'"

"I dun no, sez I. 'Like enough.'"

"I swan, sez mother, 'I wouldn't 'a' had it done fer nothin'. It's spilt his looks entirely.'"

"I dreamed all night about my ride an' the artist an' mother's ole rooster, an' I declare I dun no what all, I was so excited."

"The next forenoon I carried my hat an' dress out an' hid 'em back o' the barn, an' got the bridle an' hid there tu, so's to hev every thing red-dy. Ole Bill run in the pasture near."

"I kep' a-thinkin' about my ride all the time I was helpin' mother wash up the dinner dishes."

"What do you a-dewin'?" sed mother, as I stood with the butcher-knife in one hand, a-tryin' tew wipe it with a teaspoon. "I dew declare, Mahala, you try my patience so! You don't act as ef you'd got much common sense left, ef ye ever had any. There ye be a-gawpin' up tew the ceilin', an' not takin' holt tew help a bit. I swan, I'll burn up the lost novel I lay my han's on, see 'f I don't."

"I went to work an' helped du up the dishes, an' then slipped out."

"I ketcht ole Bill an' bridled him, an' got on my hat an' dress, an' then led the hoss down to the lower end of the pasture where a pair o' bars was. The barn was twen een an' the house, so nobody could see me."

"When I got ole Bill through the bars I led him up tew a stump an' mounted him. I'd never rode a hoss afore, but I thought it was easy work. I didn't find it so though. Ole Bill, he kept a-prancin', an' I hed to hang like sixty to keep on. 'Twan't fur tew Puffen's Pond through the woods, an' I was glad of it. I kep' a-thinkin' what a sensation I'd create in the artist's heart when he see me a-comin'. Melbe he'd paint a picter of me."

"I rode along a-keepin' a look-out fer the artist, an' ole Bill an' I see him at the same time, an' he see us. Ole Bill, he got scairt, an' begun to prance, an' away went my hat into a bunch o' blackberry bushes. That scairt ole Bill wuss'n ever, an' he jest turned square 'round an' started off tow'rd the house full canter. I grabbed holt of his mane, an' hung an' kep' a-hollerin' 'whoa! whoa!' but the ole critter wouldn't hear a word, but kep' a-canterin' over stones an' logs, bumpety-bounce! bumpety-bounce! I thought I should tumble off, but I grabbed the tighter, an' hung on. I thought about the 'impression' I hed made on the artist, an' I was hoppin' mad. I jerked at Bill's bridle, but he wouldn't pay no attention. He scooted right by the pasture-bars an' took the path leadin' out into the main-road. Massy me! I was scairt then! Father an' Joseph was to work in the 'tater-patch, hoein', 'side o' the road, an' would be sure to see me. I see-sawed on ole Bill's bridle, but the ole wretch kep' a-goin' on the horribest canter you ever heerd on. I'd as soon ride on the ridge-pole of a meetin'-house, any day."

"Father an' Joe, they see'd me a-comin' an' dropped their hoes, an' cut fer the road to see what was up."

"Land an' airth! yelled father. 'Is thet you, Mahala, an' what have you been a-doin'?'"

"I didn't stop to ans'er. Ole Bill went straight by an' fetched up kerching! ag'n' the gate, so suddint as to pitch me, he'd first, into the haylock bush. Mother, she'd seen me a-comin' an' run down to the gate to see what the matter was."

"Mahala Green," sez she, "I tate you, an' what on irth hev you got on, an' what hev you been up to?"

"Purty question to ask, sez I, mnd as a wet hen. 'Can't you see it's me, 'thout askin'?' You old wretch," sez I, breakin' off a switch from the haylock an' hittin' ole Bill, like all posset, over his head an' ears; 'take that, an' that, an' that!'"

"Father," yelled mother, 'hurry! Mahala's gone ravin' distracted' an' she made a grab fer me."

"Jes! let me alone, sez I. 'An' fer goodness' sake, stop yer screechin'.' You'll hev all the neighbors here."

"By that time father'd got to the gate. 'I'd like to know what's up, sez he, awful stern like. 'I should think you'd be ashamed of yerself, Mahala. Jest go up stairs an' take off them duds quicker'n Jack Robinson, an' the next time I heer o' yer actin' like this, I'll-hoss-whip ye.'"

"I brought the young lady's hat," sez a voice 'tother side the gate, an' would, you bleeve it? there was that artist, a-holdin' out my hat, an' grinnin' like sixty."

"Mother, she see them feathers, an' she jest looked at me as ef she'd like to du suthin' awful. 'You're the critter that I thought was after the rooster, he ye?' sez she. 'Jest go straight intew the house, Mahala Green, an' I'll settle with ye.'"

"I went intew the house, a-draggin' my skirt after me, an' Joe, he sot down an' laffed fit to bust."

"Mother, she cum up an' give me the aw-fullest talkin'-tu you ever heerd on, an' I didn't hear the last o' my ride fer many a day. I never see anybody a-hossback but I think of it. I concluded, arter a while, to take up with yer uncle Joshua, instid o' waitin' fer a prince. That artist, he told all about my ride over to Thompson's, an' it got all over town, an' I got laffed at the wust way. But it cured me o' bein' so romantic."

TABLE-TALKERS should be exact and incisive. There is a disease called aphasia, and the sufferer uses words which do not at all express his meaning. The complaint is more common than is supposed. The Irishman had it who sought to describe to a lady the process of casting a cannon. "They just take a long round hole, and pour brass around it."

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Our Arm-Chair.

Editors and Authors.—To a note-giving our views regarding a returned manuscript, the author thus rejoins:

"Mr. Editor:—Even such a letter as I received from you just now does not discourage me, though it makes me impatient. I'm one of the irascible. I don't believe in failure as long as perseverance and work will bring success. I dare say you had a good and sufficient reason for writing as you did—though your letter was just the least bit irascible. I'm determined to write, and keep on writing. If I can't do well, I'll try to do as well as I can. I'm going to keep on sending you my best, in whatever line, knowing that you will treat me fairly; that is, unless you write that you have had enough of me. In that case, I shall try some one else. I should be very sorry to hear it, but it would not discourage me entirely."

We quote this for a twofold purpose, first, because it betrays a spirit that is commendable; and second, because it will serve as a text for remarks we have to offer.

The return by us, of a manuscript, by no means should discourage the author, as we have often stated. We, in fact, reject many admirable productions, which can be and are oftentimes used elsewhere. Our reasons for such rejection it is simply impossible to explain, but generally we may say they are not adapted to our particular want. Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, for instance, write good novels, but any American editor conversant with the requirements of a popular journal knows they are worth infinitely less to him than a good home author, who can touch the reader's mental pulse every time.

We choose, or try to do so, that which will excite the most interest in the greatest number of readers, and though we may sometimes fail to discriminate correctly we are confirmed, by each week's experience, and by comparing our issues with other papers less carefully edited, in the opinion that it is less what is put in a paper than what is kept out that gives that paper its true value. The author may feel hurt, or slighted, at a declaration of a contribution; but could he or she see the mass before us every day, from which to choose, the little irritation would end in surprise that we do not return half of the mass without even the trouble of reading.

We not only read all carefully but consider some of those selected for use a second time—thus to reach "the inevitable best," without a particle of predilection or prejudice, for or against an author. With all this care matter sometimes is accepted which is not fully to our taste or requirements because it is the best that is offered of its kind, and comes so near to our standard as to "pass muster."

All of this authors should consider, nor jump at the hasty conclusion that we have done them an injustice because that which they prepared for us and we rejected is accepted and used elsewhere. While we reject, as we have said, a great many contributions that have points of excellence, we refuse a far greater number that are inferior and imperfect; and, seeing such work in print, in some other weekly, is indeed no proof of literary excellence but rather a decisive indication that other papers are content with an inferior grade of matter. Such matter is cheap, of course—which really is the secret of its adoption and use, in the sources indicated.

The idea we wish to impress on all our writers is, that a contribution to be available, must be the best of its kind. We want no experiments, nor "first efforts," nor ill-digested conceptions in our pages. The reader would justly turn away from such composition if we, for any reason, gave them place. The reader's discrimination is, usually, very sharp, and, in the main, a correct guide to what is desirable and what is not. Hence, the aim of author and editor alike should be to give the reader the most pleasure and satisfaction. When the editor decides that the author has not proffered what will do this, he would be doing both the public and the publisher great injustice to use the contribution. At least so we think, and so we shall be governed in our conduct of this paper, which, we are proud to know, is regarded by the trade and by the reading public, as one of the best family and fireside journals now published in this country.

"Just the Ticket!"—Some of the best and most pertinent suggestions come in the delicate guise of satire and song. Take up any popular song-book and you'll find a perfect mine of sharp, incisive wit and wisdom. It is this quality, indeed, of these song-books which makes them so popular among "the masses," who find in them excellent reading and good advice. Not one purchaser in forty knows or cares for the tunes to the songs; all they want are the words. One of the newest of these "people's own" songs is called, "Go and Learn a Trade," in which, among other pertinent points, is this:

"The country's full of 'nice young men,'
Who from their duty shrink;
Who think 'twould crush their family pride,
If they should go to work;
Take off your coat (your father did)
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade."

So true that every girl ought to learn that song, and hum it in the ears of the "nice young man" who thinks a "clerkship" more respectable than a trade; and it should be blown with a French horn in the ears of every young man or woman who thinks a trade is a disgrace. In the good time coming the young man who learns a trade will be just as "nice" as though he had become a Wall Street kite-flyer. May that good time hurry along!

Chat.—Dio Lewis, we are informed, advises all ladies who would preserve the freshness of their complexion to eat beans. Prof. Agassiz recommends all brain-workers to eat fish. So good looks and intellect is all a matter of beans and fish; but how are we to account for the anomaly of exquisite complexions in those who abominate beans, or of great intellectual capacity in those who never eat fish? The fact is that men with hobbies are very irrational advisers. The only true philosophy of health and activity is to eat and drink what the system craves or thoroughly enjoys. If it is meat-eat that; if it is starch elements—eat potatoes and rice; if it is gluten and phosphorus—eat bread. If coffee is enjoyable and digestible, drink coffee. If you do not like beans or fish touch neither, no matter what Dio Lewis or any other hobbyist preaches. The fold-rol of these specialists is sometimes absurd and sometimes injurious. Dio Lewis, for instance, believes in eating but two meals in each twenty-four hours. Tell that to the "nourishes." It is like a good many other propositions, which when accepted in theory are rejected in practice as both impracticable and inconsistent with health and happiness.

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

THIS is, to me, a sad and melancholy season! The youth, the vernal beauty of the year, are things of the past. The wealth of summer flowers, with their perfumy breaths, an indefinite variety of form and coloring, lie prone upon the earth, their glory vanished, their mission ended! The branches of the fruit-trees are bare of fruit, and the umbrageous foliage of the sycamore and horse chestnut that afforded us such delicious shade from the hot rays of the sun in the long bright summer days, is no longer visible. Each bitter, frosty breath of wind robs the boughs more and more; the dry and almost colorless leaves come drifting by twos and threes down to the ground, with a rustling, eerie, melancholy sound, and one feels to one's heart inmost core, that the year is dying—passing away.

The fields of golden grain are no longer in beauty before our eyes. The sickle has been at work, and laid the drooping panicles low; and the busy hand of the reaper has safely gathered the ripened sheaves into his barn. And perhaps, since that corn was scattered into the soil, another reaper has visited the homes of some of us, carrying away with him our fairest blossoms, our choicest seedlings, the kindly trees that sheltered us—just the plants that most gladdened our eyes, that we cherished with the tenderest care—in all our garden! heedless of our tears, our supplications, and prayers! God help and comfort those who have been so visited. Let us also be pitiful and sympathizing toward those afflicted ones, oh, my brothers and sisters. Only hard experience can teach how bitter is the trial to the loving heart, when the object of its closest and dearest affections is taken suddenly away from earthly sight and contact forever!

Ah me! what a blank in all things, when the beloved is gone. How we yearn with the whole strength of the soul's sad longing—the affection stronger than death—for tidings of the departed: for a look, a tone—just one word—to assure us that all is well with them—and yet, how dumbly, how utterly silent! how totally unheard, apparently, our impetuous cries! The grave has covered from sight the well-remembered lineaments, and it seems to us at times, as if all hope, on earth—even of heaven, were over. Our very faith is blinded by the darkness of our heavy sorrow, we are tossed on the stormy ocean of despair, and above and around, there is no light!

Oh, let us have compassion on these shattered hearts, and judge not too hardly, or contrast too complacently, their wavering faith with ours, which, if firm, may as yet, have been untried. God alone sees the struggle, the agony, and the temptation, and He will be merciful to all such suffering ones; let us endeavor to be so too. Doubtless, through prayer and patient resignation, the deep, surging waves will presently subside, and above the turmoil of the waters, they will hear in their inner consciousness, the "still, small voice," say to them lovingly, "Peace, be still." Later, let us hope their fainting spirits will be cheered by our Savior's own promise given to the Israelites journeying to the land of Canaan, "the land overflowing with milk and honey," a promise that still speaks to us in our pilgrim journey, when we are wandering in darkness, and ready to sink into despair; blessed words that help to sustain us, and guide us back to "our Father."

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Yet another thought rises in our mind, suggested by this waning year. Does it not behoove each and all of us, to look inward, to search our hearts, and learn, if possible, whether our spirit-life is tending? Have we progressed in knowledge, and what is of far more importance, in goodness, during this year that is drawing to its close? Have our hearts become full of love, our feelings more charitable to all men, and our earnest desire more constant to do right, and act always toward others, as we would wish them to act toward us, because we know this is true religion, and that it is pleasing in the eyes of God? I do not mean mere surface kindness, and courtesy—the dead, outward forms prescribed by the laws of etiquette and good-breeding; I mean that all our actions should be swayed and prompted by real kindness of heart—not only at times when we are entertaining, or mixing in the company of our friends and neighbors, but that this goodness should permeate through all the daily minutiae of our lives, be the mainspring of operation at all periods, and to all men.

The garment of true religion must be worn aloft; friends, in every season, at home and abroad; it must, if it be thoroughly woven, warm our hearts into deeds of kindness—it must open its benevolent folds to shelter the chilled and the famishing, to clothe the naked and the poverty-stricken—and to make a pillow for the weary; it will prove sufficiently ample to throw a veil of charity over the follies and backslidings of the neighbor and the stranger—and it must so entirely cover us, that thought and love of self will be merged completely beneath its warmly circling folds.

Have we worn this garment, think you, during the year that is waning? Let us ask ourselves the question, and if, after a candid investigation of our thoughts, actions and inward motives, we feel that, to some extent, we may answer in the affirmative, we have not lived in vain. But otherwise, the conviction should make us sad and indeed, for it is a momentous truth that we never stand still. If we are not going forward in moral progress, we are retrograding. This idea may not enter the thoughts of many careless pleasure-seekers, but to the earnest and truthful mind, it is one that is pregnant with a solemn warning. Our life is not our own; it is given to us each moment by the Only Source of life, the Lord, who at any hour may, in His Providence, see it well to call us hence. Then should we not often remember amid the busy scenes of the world those impressive words: "Watch and pray, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Let us strive to live each day as though it were our last on earth, so will happiness and peace—the "peace that passeth all understanding"—be our blessed companions; and though the outer world of Nature may lose its brightness and beauty, its fragrance of summer flowers, and its wealth of autumn glory, yet in our hearts will fertility and gladness and

bloom reign triumphant, and we shall be blest indeed!

Times of depression will sometimes assail our spirits' peace, as clouds will often cover the serene blue of the summer sky; but trusting in a Higher Power, resting not in well-doing—working for others—forgetting self—they will pass away; and, as we know the clear depths of the everlasting canopy are still beyond the veil of cloud—the tranquillity of a heart that is fixed above, and at peace with the world itself, will reappear. And when our eyes close forever on earthly scenes and sorrows, this rest and peace will continue with ever-increasing joy and blessedness through the boundless ages of Eternity.

CAROLINE OLLIVANT.

GOOD HUMOR.

"It is better to laugh than to sighing," so runs the air; and what is better, it bears the stamp of truth. We Americans are a fun-loving people and patronize fun liberally when it is of the right stamp. The theater must have its comedian, the circus its "Mr. Merryman," and the paper its humorist. Laughter brings health. Whining breeds disease. If life were all tragedy and no comedy, there would be no occupation for the laugh-maker. The true humorist has as great a mission—and a far more difficult one, it strikes us—to fulfill as the poet. He honors himself, his calling and his hearers too much to mix profanity with his mirth; vulgarity will never mar his fun, while his wit, though sharp and keen, will never be mingled with personality. He is careful never to make his fun hurt the feelings of others; he is never irreverent, never ungentlemanly, and is always companionable. But we labor under one great mistake when we imagine the funny man is always lively himself; we think he is free from cares and troubles—that he never has his hours of pain. He is but mortal, after all, like the rest of us, and while he is penning a humorous sketch about a raging toothache, he may be undergoing that dire affliction himself.

It is absurd for those who have for a companion the disagreeable one of Hypo to growl at those who indulge in hearty laughter, and deem them silly, for surely there is no treason in a good wholesome laugh, nor is there any harm in uttering a good joke. The laughter is rarely a mischief-plotter; his merry nature will not let him be an enemy.

If there is a boy with fun-loving spirit in a school, and he allows some of his good-natured wit to run into his composition, it is very wrong for his teacher to endeavor to crush that spirit out of him. It is the nature of some persons to be jolly, and we don't think it right to put such jollity down; it is the nature of others to be doleful and morose, and it would not be any harm to put some joviality into their compositions.

When people get "blue" they take too much physic and too many patent pills; a dose of good nature would be the best cure for their spleen.

Don't mope over your work; think of some funny incident to make you laugh while you are accomplishing it, and your task will seem the lighter. If "misery loves company," let it have some, but don't let it be of a doleful sort; it wants something to cheer and not to depress it. If you jam your finger while hammering the carpet, it won't do you any good to howl about it, even if it does pain; better make the best of it; a laugh will cause you to forget the pain, but crying will only make you feel the worse. Good-humor will make you run through the grooves of life smoother, and come out at the end of existence happier, and you will be missed ten times more than if you had lived the life of a surly and disagreeable misanthrope.

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

My Late Duel.

JONES was the aggressor. I knew what an awful coward he was, and wouldn't stand fight, so I thought I would scare him to death by sending him a challenge. I was well aware he would not accept any thing of the kind, so I sent it post-haste, and he was everywhere to encourage and draw it forth, and the drudgery of farm or factory is no longer imposed from dire necessity upon those geniuses who are bound to rise. Our Woman's World has broadened until scarcely a profession but is open to us. This is as it should be, for where woman has the ability she has gained the right to execute business without the hue and cry of masculinity raised against her. If she prefers sitting at the desk, going about and healing the sick, pleading cases, or reporting daily news, to being mistress, scullery-maid and cook in her own house—if she can make money enough to hire that domestic labor well done, and at the same time perhaps add to home comforts, and be fresher for the home evenings in the society of husband and children than if household cares had weighed upon her during the day, who can say it is not wise to choose the better and more congenial pursuit?

We can not all choose, to be sure. The art of saving must be practiced among the poorer classes, where the outer work-day world offers no remedy, but too often that very art is broad buying the best of all articles. The poor must clothe themselves with inferior fabrics, the work of making which is as much as need be placed upon a better article that would outwear two such, and is scarcely more than made until yielding threads require watchfulness and mending to keep it whole. And the loss of satisfaction, too, is great. Every flimsy material will early lose its freshness, it fades in the wash and in the sun, it is limp and lacks luster, and fails to impart that self-respect which thoroughly genteel, not necessarily fine, garments have in their power to impart. A good strong fabric well made, is pretty apt to emulate the "one-hoss shay." It will look well as long as it lasts, it wears long and equally, and is serviceable until consigned to the ruin of time. Only the very poor can afford to buy a cheap article, as some writer has truthfully said before. To save pennies by doing so is to waste time and work and strength; little wonder that our housewives in straitened circumstances are never forehanded with their duties.

Neither are the more comfortably situated always wise in their expenditures. One woman will buy a summer silk because it is so cheap, only a dollar a yard, and pride herself on saving the amount, except the trimmings, by doing the whole season's sewing. The trimmings, no unimportant item, cost as much as one of those next cheap silks of linen or percale that are twice as serviceable as the silk, and to any good taste, knowing the circumstances, by far more becoming and appropriate. Fortunate woman if the long siege at the machine and stooping over the tedious "finishing" does not result in headaches and side-pains, neglected until a doctor's bill swells the cost of that cheap silk.

Work and save" is a praiseworthy maxim, but work rather than save applies more pertinently in our day.

J. D. B.

NOTES OF admiration—love-letters.

thought it might be more satisfactory, and satisfaction was what we wanted.

This was not allowed, because they feared thereby we would get too many balls in and perhaps too little powder.

So they loaded them.

I inquired if cork bullets were not as deadly as lead ones, but was told they were not.

It must have taxed the nerves of Jones awfully to keep as cool as he did; it was exasperating.

Everything was ready. The surgeons had a box of corks to plug up the bullet-holes as soon as they were made.

I nonchalantly asked if it wasn't the rule under the new dueling code for the seconds to do the shooting, but learned it was not.

We were to stand back to back, march straight out from each other thirty steps, and at the word, turn simultaneously around and fire.

I said that I liked the marching away from each other well enough, but if they would not give the command to halt, it would be better; or if we couldn't do that, then we might fire in the direction we were going without the trouble of stopping and turning around.

They answered that they had to go by the rules.

I said if that was the case, I would prefer blank cartridges, and to shoot away till one or the other starved to death.

They said the pistols were both well loaded with balls.

Well loaded! Oh hollow mockery!

They took a cast-iron stove door from under my vest, and another from Jones', and a few sections of stove-pipe from around our legs, and put us back to back. I whispered to Jones that I believed both our weapons shot dreadfully low, and it would be necessary to aim well up. We were to take thirty steps and the order was given to march.

We marched.

There were more feet in my steps than you would ever imagine. I always aim to give good measure; I don't like to be stingy.

At the word we both turned and fired, and both fell.

My surgeon and second ran to me, and I told them I was mortally wounded, and would never get over it. They said I was not struck. I assured them that Jones' bullet must have gone down my throat, and if Jones was satisfied, I could force myself to be also.

Jones thought my bullet was somewhere in his ear, though both bullets were all in the eye, for I afterwards learned the seconds had loaded the pistols heavily, and put the balls in their pockets for fear of something happening.

Well, we limped back, shook hands, and swore eternal friendship. Jones even said if I ever wanted to borrow fifty cents at any time, without security, to come to him, and if he hadn't it, he would tell me where I could get it. So much for the horrors of war.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

WORKING AND SAVING.

THERE is a vast difference between the two, working and saving; and where they can not go comfortably hand-in-hand, the first is the preferable alternative in solving the problem of how to get along. It is always pleasant to make new garments than to patch old ones, and, thanks to the forward spirit of the age, women are not confined nowadays to the old routine of simply saving.

I doubt if our grandmothers were happier for the thrift which was their pride than are we of their descendants who can earn a pair of stockings in the time they darned theirs, or pay for the making of a dress in a third of the time we could ourselves do the actual work. It is a grand innovation this which not only gives us the opportunity of following our own natural inclinations, but trains our tastes to the best of which we may be capable. Mothers need not sigh now that their children are not all boys, or value those only in proportion to their brawny arms and industrial energies. Real talent does not lie hidden in a napkin now; patrons are ready everywhere to encourage and draw it forth, and the drudgery of farm or factory is no longer imposed from dire necessity upon those geniuses who are bound to rise. Our Woman's World has broadened until scarcely a profession but is open to us. This is as it should be, for where woman has the ability she has gained the right to execute business without the hue and cry of masculinity raised against her. If she prefers sitting at the desk, going about and healing the sick, pleading cases, or reporting daily news, to being mistress, scullery-maid and cook in her own house—if she can make money enough to hire that domestic labor well done, and at the same time perhaps add to home comforts, and be fresher for the home evenings in the society of husband and children than if household cares had weighed upon her during the day, who can say it is not wise to choose the better and more congenial pursuit?

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J. D. B.

NOTES OF admiration—love-letters.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future editions.—Careless MSS. promptly returned only where stamped accompany the initials, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permitted in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS.; as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to other mail correspondents, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving its number, or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. May MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and literary writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following contributions we must decline, viz.: "Story of a Detective," "Have Charity," "Clemens and Thyn," "An Old Man's Dream," "The Old Homestead," "On in the Country," "Haven Plume," "Reminiscence of the War," "Bobby's Christmas Eve," "Sadie's Revenge," "Woman's Independence," "Down by the Brookside."

We will find place for the following: "Feeding the Sparrows," "Life's Sunshine," "Wife's Love," "I Bring You Leaves," "Death of Old Year," "Gertrude," "A Half-yard of Ribbon," "The Beauty of Love," "How She Lost Her Lover," "His Just Deserts," "Who was to Blame?" "Dreams," "The Old and the New," "The Passing Hour," "Miss Shoddy's Reception."

B. S. We do not want any more 4th page essays. MERCHANT. Consult your physician by all means. P. F. S. You are hardly yet qualified to write for the press.

H. V. C. We do not use translations of any kind. G. C. H. Write to A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, New York.

O. R. E. Discovered the non-originality of the contributions and destroyed them. Such attempts at imposition are discreditable.

H. D. H. Ouida "is a woman. Women have written some of the most beautiful poems in English and French literature, and are sorry to state.

OUTLEY. A knowledge of English Grammar brings with it a knowledge of punctuation. No one can write successfully for the press without a perfect knowledge of grammar.

JAR. CARBON. We have no set price for a "Dime" manuscript. Its value to us can only be determined by an examination.

MISS T. MARSHALL. Answered you by letter to the direction given, but letter comes back marked "no such number."

B. F. H. As we already have said, we are in no wise concerned in advertisers and their wares. If we think they are humbugs or worse their advertisements are refused peremptorily. We will lay your letter before the press.

AMATEUR. There is no possible way to gain admittance to the commissioned ranks of the U. S. Army save through West Point. The curriculum of study is there quite elaborate. We could not give space to the catalogue.

ST. LOUIS. We can not examine your "play." Judging by your note we should think it simply impossible for you to produce any work that any manager would examine. We have no objection to your supplying the material, but we must have it in a form that we can use.

MISS PETER S. Strained honey will not "candy" if a tablespoonful of cream tartar, dissolved in water, be mixed with a spoonful of honey, and the mixture strained through a cloth, and sweetened with honey; for an adult one tablespoonful is a dose. This is well worth preserving, as a child has the cough when the pectin is obtainable.

H. F. The sand around your door can be hardened by watering with soap-suds. This is better than to mix with the sand a little water, and then to cement the surface that will resist even frost. Try it.

HOUSE, No. 2. We see nothing especially bad in your case. If the girl is false-hearted treat her with a quietude, and let her go. If she is not, let her stay, and which this is a strain?

Yas all der young voman so false-headed like you, Mit a face nice and bright, and a heart black and blue, Und all der while—clawing your loveliest me so true, Gray, Becky Miller, go!

HOWEVER RUDE she may have been to you, don't be rude in return. A gentleman is never rude to any woman.

SEA CAR. For a cold in the head—grin and bear it. A pinch of Snuff such as you now use, will supply the relief.—The "national instrument" of the United States is a jack-knife, or, possibly, the horn—for here every one blows his own horn.

WRIT CAR. Dr. Uro's recipe for a good black ink is as follows: for 12 gallons take 12 lbs. bruised galls; 5 lbs. gum; 5 lbs. green sulphate iron (vitriol), and 12 gallons Rain-water. Boil the galls in nine gallons of the rain-water for three hours; adding fresh water to supply the loss in vapor. Let this decoction then settle and cool, and draw off the clear liquor. Then add the gum, previously dissolved in 12 gallons of the rain-water, and dissolve the green vitriol in the remaining 12 gallons of water and mix the whole thoroughly. It is ready for use when the ink is a very dark ink—the whole 12 gallons costing less than two dollars.

MISS F. L. Your gold watch-chain is easily made bright again. Put the chain in a small glass bottle. Make a good warm soda wash with a little salt. Add to the soda a little powdered chalk. Then turn the soda in the bottle, cork tight, and give the chain a good shaking. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and chalk extract every particle of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern; rinse it in clear cold water, wipe with a towel, and the polish will be like no other in the world.

L. SAWYER. The coldest hour of the twenty-four that comprise the day, is usually five o'clock in the morning, while the warmest is from two to three in the afternoon.

WALFORD MAXON asks how much of an iceberg is above, and how much below the surface of the water? That depends upon the size of the iceberg, but, as a general thing, one-eighth of the iceberg is above the water, the balance being wholly submerged. Hence, an iceberg 200 feet in height has 1600 feet beneath the water. This hidden mass sometimes extends far from the apparent base of the berg—so that vessels always keep well away from the icy mass.

CARTER. There are 1,000 different religions in the world, and 8,642 different languages spoken, as we already have stated in an English letter.

D. S. P. The ancient Persians gave the right hand to token of speaking the truth, and to do so deceitfully was considered a most heinous crime. Pity we had not, nowadays, some of this ancient regard for personal integrity.

QUINCY. Swearing was certainly considered irreverent by the ancients, for Plutarch says, "So religious was Hercules, and so reverent to the gods, that he never swore but once." The Hebrew oath was merely the expression, "As the Lord liveth." Of the first introduction of oaths we have no certain account, but swearing was a habit as far back as the time of Abraham, though, nowadays, it is reduced by profane men to an almost scientific immorality and baseness. It is not only a debasing practice but has no excess in it. It adds nothing to the strength of passion-expression that good, honest words would not offer.

WALTER C. Regarding measurement, we refer you to the following statistics: An English mile is 1,760 yards; a German mile 4,000 paces; a Swedish and Danish mile 6,000 paces; a Scotch mile 1,500 paces, and a Prussian mile only 750 paces. There is also a difference in the yard and foot measure in all countries in the world. The need of a uniform of standard weights, measures and distances is so great and uniformly is so desirable, that the so-called "Metric System" will undoubtedly prevail throughout the civilized world in another generation.

WATSON B. L. The "marine league" is three miles seaward from the coast, and an English league is a country league extends a marine league from its shores. Beyond that it is the "High Seas," wherein all vessels are free from molestation by naval contingents, in time of war.

LESTER H. We have before stated that leap-years are those that can be divided evenly by 4; but to this rule is the exception of all the centesimal years, which can not be divided by 400 without a remainder.

ELEVEN YEARS AGO.

BY FRANK M. MORRIS.

"Eleven years ago to-night, love!"
My voice seemed strangely sweet,
My heart was filled with throbbing thoughts
My lips could not repeat.
Softly he parted shading curls
To kiss my upturned face:
"Darling, must tell me all the thoughts
That in her heart have place."
"Eleven years ago to-night, love,"
I claimed the name of wife,
I had a maiden's dream
For a woman's real life.
We linked our fate together, dear,
When youth's horizon shone
With brightsome, beckoning stars of hope
Lit by love's power alone.
"Eleven years ago to-night, love,"
I trembled at the thought
Of unknown, untold years to come
With joy or sorrow fraught.
How tenderly you soothed each fear,
Making sad visions seem
So groundless in the love you bore
Your bride of scarce sixteen."
"Eleven years ago to-night, love?"
I scarce can think it so—
Oh, darling, how the years have gone
Since that bright long ago.
I loved you fondly then, my own,
But that faint passion faded,
Beneath the life-love that I bear
The mother of my babies!"

What came of a Snow-Storm.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

HOWARD ROCHESTER leaned back in the crimson rep arm chair that was drawn in delightful proximity to the illuminated Morning Glory in his mother's sitting-room; he reposed his feet on a chair before him, and took several extra puffs at his meerschaum before he opened the uncut pages of "Picturesque America."

"This is pleasant, isn't it, Mollie?"

He turned lazily toward his sister, who sat at her sewing-machine.

"I think so," she looked back at him with a smile. "But I think, too, if it was your own house and you were its master, and a certain young lady I might mention were its mistress, you might find it pleasant still."

Howard laughed.

"There you go again! as if I was cut out for a married man."

"Nobody ever was cut out better, Howard; for a good son and a kind brother can not fail to make the right kind of a husband. That's so, Howard."

Mary Rochester looked over at her brother with noticeable pride in his bright eyes, for Howard Rochester was just the handsomest fellow, and the best fellow to be found far and near. It wasn't the home folks alone who thought so—and how precious is the commendation of the family, who, while they know all our good traits as well as the less enviable ones—and "Mollie," as Howard called her, in that sweet, caressing way he had, was not the only young lady who agreed with people on the subject of Howard Rochester—a certain "other," whom Mollie declared she might mention if she chose.

"See here," and Howard lifted himself up in the chair and watched the smoke wreath float up, "Mollie, honor bright, do you want me to get married?"

"Do I? as if I haven't been preaching it for these two years."

"But, for the life of me, I can't see who there is to have me. Come, now, sis, who is that mysterious young lady you have several times hinted at?"

He was watching her with a quizzing expression on his face.

"Well," began Mary, but Howard interrupted her.

"Hold on a minute! I tell you beforehand I don't want her if she's going to be 'beautiful,' 'refined,' 'intelligent,' 'graceful.' If she is such a paragon of perfection, I'm sure the air would become so rarified I could not breathe it."

Mary flushed a little; for she was jealous of her friend's graces; then she shook her head defiantly.

"You outrageous critic, I shall tell the truth, for she is the most beautiful, graceful, refined, intelligent girl I ever saw. Moreover, her name is charming beyond expression."

Howard made a grimace.

"How then are you to express it to me? I'd like to know."

Mary laughed.

"Howard, you're awful! Well, it is Lillene."

"Lillene, eh? That's good. Lillene what?"

Mary's voice suddenly lost its mischievous tones, and she arose from her machine to lay her hand on Howard's hair.

"I thought you'd recognize her by my description. I mean Miss Anderson."

But she was not prepared for the start he gave, nor the swift look—what was it? Not anger, or shame, or disappointment, but a mingling of the three was in that shade that swept across his face. Then he deliberately got up from his chair.

"Thanks, Mollie, I shall not marry Miss Lillene Anderson. Why, is it snowing?"

And Mary went back to her sewing, wondering what the trouble was. Why did Howard resent it so? he never had seen Lillene Anderson, and Mary was sure and always admired her letters, and she remembered more than one merry message she had passed between the two.

And now—well, all her delightful scheming seemed about to fall to pieces, and after all, she would not have Lillene for a sister.

And to think that Lillene was that very minute on her way to the Rochesters, for a visit during which Mary had so hoped Howard would fall in love with her. And the sewing-machine wheel went flying round faster than was its wont; and I am afraid to confess its motive power was strongly flavored with that spice called spite.

"I am sure I don't see what on earth we are going to do, Lillene! Here it is, snowing so fast that we can hardly see the horses' heads, and the wheels of the carriage blocked so we can not get a half-mile further."

Miss Anderson turned a remarkably sour visage toward the fresh, rosy-cheeked girl who sat opposite her.

"Is it so bad as that, auntie? Let me get out and survey the condition of affairs. How far is it to Mrs. Rochester's?"

Lillene raised her sweet, clear voice to the cab-driver—a slow-coach sort of fellow, but the best attainable at the village depot.

The answer—three miles—was in nowise calculated to improve the view Miss Anderson took of the occasion.

"Three miles! I'll be interesting specimens of female humanity to be presented to Mr. Rochester, by the time we get there, snow-dribbled and ill-tempered."

Lillene had sprung from the carriage, and was standing on a comparatively bare spot of earth from which the edifying snow had drifted.

The keen north wind brought brilliant scarlet hues to her cheeks, and added to the fair picture she made by tossing her flossy hair over her white forehead and into her beautiful

brown eyes. She was a picture, and Miss Anderson saw what grace and beauty there were in it, and then she snapped out again:

"Do get in, and let us get on as fast as we can. So far as I am concerned, I needn't care for Mr. Rochester's criticism. He knows what I am, at my best."

Lillene laughed a little, and flushed a little.

"Why, auntie, when have you and How—Mr. Rochester ever met?"

Miss Anderson smiled severely upon her.

"Don't call him 'Howard' child, when I, whose correspondence and picture he wrote to solicit, address him 'Mr.' He stands a first-rate chance to be your 'uncle,' one of these days."

Somewhat, Lillene could not laugh at the utter ridiculousness of her aunt's picture; somehow, the storm suddenly seemed to increase in discomfort, and she began to wish she was not going to meet this Mr. Howard Rochester, who, it seems, had opened a correspondence with aunt Lillene, and obtained her picture, too!

And who, she felt obliged to confess, had crept into her own foolish heart quite unaware; both by means of his card that Mary had sent, by his own messages, and his sister's eulogies.

It was singular that he should have written to aunt Lillene; how had he heard of her, or—Then the Jehu on the box sprung down, and there came a cheery ring of sleigh-bells beside them; and they saw a team of prancing horses, a large double-sleigh, and handsome Howard Rochester.

The driver poked in his head.

"It's a streak of luck, ladies, that we met Mr. Rochester. Here's his own conveyance, right to the door."

Howard bowed gayly.

"Ladies, I am delighted to be of service. May I assist you to a place in my sleigh, Miss Lillene?"

He extended his hand to Miss Anderson, but Lillene laughed, and reached out her hand, then drew it back, half confused, as she met his face, first grave, then full of utter surprise that deepened into an expression of decided admiration.

"Oh, you said Lillene! I thought you meant me."

She laughed, and gave place to her aunt, who smiled and simpered, and stepped in.

A curious smile was on Howard's face as he very tenderly helped the roguish-faced girl in, and tucked the buffalo-ropes snugly about her; while the elder lady looked grimly on.

"I had no idea you had an aunt by the same name," he said to the little nestling figure beside him; "but I am delighted to learn it is a fact, because I have been the most miserable of men on account of it. Shall I tell you?"

So, dashing through the blinding snow-storm, Howard told her how, so captured by her messages through Mollie, he had made bold to write to "Miss Lillene Anderson"—never dreaming there was another—and beg a correspondence, and her picture; and how there had come the counterpart of the sharp-nosed lady who sat behind them, and a letter whose gushing rhapsodies were unpleasant.

So that, by the time they drove up to the gate, Lillene and Howard had left acquaintance very far back indeed; and when Mollie came running to meet them, in such a surprise of delight, she knew by Howard's face that the chances of having Lillene for a sister were not so bad, after all.

It was all explained, later; and when, a year after, Howard called Miss Lillene Anderson "auntie," Mrs. Howard felt strongly tempted to remind her of the difference between it and her own self calling him "uncle."

And I am happy to add, she resisted the temptation.

WILMA WILDE.

The Doctor's Ward:

THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADELA, THE ADOPTED," "THE CHIEF WIFE," "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME DUNDY'S PROPHESY," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WESTMORELAND HOME.

FOR ONE of the not frequent times of his entire indolent life, Erle Hetherville was up with the sunrise. He was all ready for departure, furred overcoat, traveling-cap, gloves half-way on, and his cigar-case in a convenient outside pocket, as a maid-servant tapped at the door and entered with a little tray in her hands.

There coffee served in the breakfast-room if you would prefer it, Mr. Hetherville. Miss Erle is taking a cup in her own room, and the housekeeper sent this up to you. If you will come down to the breakfast room you can have oysters and an egg and muffins or rolls and no trouble whatever, with plenty of time. Miss Erle hopes you'll not mind that she's not down, and would advise you to take a light breakfast at least, sir."

"Very good of Miss Erle, but I fancy I can endure a couple of hours' ride by rail sustained by a cup of coffee well as she. None of the family are stirring yet, I presume?"

He pulled off one glove and took up the cup of fragrant old Java, richly creamed as he liked it, the cup a great thin globe of china. Say what you may, a draught is always sweeter for being daintily served, and Erle, who, a moment before, would have declared it an impossibility to swallow any thing, sipped the contents with lazy relish, looking at the distorted reflection of himself in miniature thrown back by the inner surface of the gold spoon.

"Not yet. That is, no-one but Miss Wilma; she came down to see that the coffee was made, and Miss Erle will be reading the carriage at the door in half an hour. Will you have any thing more, sir?"

"Thank you, nothing." He put down his cup and the girl went away with the tray.

"No wonder my coffee was delicious," he thought. "A half-hour yet; well, surely something may be done in a half-hour."

He went down the stairs three at a time a half-minute later, and out upon the frosty avenue where the leafless trees rattled stiff branches and the early sun slanted his early rosy lance.

There was elixir in the air that morning, stiff, bracing, healthful, and Erle squared his fine shoulders and drew in full aspirations as he hurried along the silent thoroughfare. Not silent for long. Those blessings of poor men's travel, the street-cars, rumbled near at hand, and as he passed a corner came upon a group of gathered workmen, tin dinner-pails in hand, with others hurrying from alleys and side-streets. He took a car along with them, and stood balancing himself upon the rear platform, glancing in at the crowded interior and the rows of plain, intelligent faces presented there.

"Not apparently such a frightful lot to be poor after all," he thought. "Upon my word, I had no idea that 'up in the morning early"

was such a delightful maxim to put into practice. Talk of tonics in comparison with the air, or of spirit-revivers in the same breath with a race down to Federal street and back again under circumstances such as these."

The half-smile about the bearded mouth, the genial glow in his cheeks might have confined his happy spirits to a smaller scope still, might have summed the Alpha and Omega of all his exuberance in one word—Wilma.

He sprang down from the car as it turned into Federal street and crossed to the market, jostling his way through the crowd of early buyers to one of the numerous flower-stalls lining the square. The vender was a boy, small and spare-faced and delicate-looking, any of the fragile plants over which he hovered. The boy's pale face brightened at sight of Hetherville.

"Good-morning, Oscar, my boy! So you are at your post already, and give satisfaction, I hope."

"I hope so, sir. You're too late for the early lot of bouquets, all sold out, and the best ones not come over yet."

"That is a pity as I have neither time to go on to the store nor to wait here. I can trust to your selection, I suppose. One of your handsomest moss-baskets with fragrant cut flowers, not so delicate as to wither all at once—pinks and pansies and mignonette and the like. I'll write the address for you—Miss Wilma Wilde, No. — Western avenue. I beg your pardon, sir, but it's a deuce of a jam here."

In stepping back he had jostled a tall, soldierly-looking man who was loitering in an idle way about the market and had paused at his elbow, his eyes after one sharp, scrutinizing glance over the young man's form were fixed upon the flower-stand.

"No apology. A man gets used to rough passages by the time he reaches forty and knocks about over half the known globe."

Erle, with no time to spare and a parting caution—"Don't neglect, Oscar, and as early as may suit your convenience"—was off again.

The tall man pressed close to the little flower-vender.

"One of your regular customers, that?" he inquired. "A gentlemanly young fellow."

A customer at the house, sir. He got me my stationery, only two days ago. The young lady that I'm to take the flowers to had been kind to me when I had only little roots and herbs to peddle, and when she stopped to speak to me in the street and told him all she knew of me, he just took one good look and asked where I might be found again. That very day he comes back and gives me a written recommendation and says he has spoken to the florist who has the great establishment on Market street, and he hopes I'll do my best because of the young lady who was the means of getting me into the place. He gave me some money to make myself more respectable than I was then, and said he'd look out, to order his bouquets of me. I like the work, and it's doing me good already; I've been weakly-like, and you're right in saying he's a gentleman. Young Mr. Hetherville, his name is."

"And your young lady is Miss Wilma Wilde, of No. — Western avenue," glancing at the card which the boy had put down as he referred to his order-book. "I'll take one of these sprigs of myrtle for my buttonhole—so! Never mind the change. Good-morning, my lad!"

He laid down a piece of silver and turned away with a half-embarrassed glance down at the decoration which was apparently novel to his tall, muscular strength and soldierly bearing.

"Enough sight better than peddling roots and herbs and getting kicks and cuffs about the streets," soliloquized the pale little flower-boy. "I got more kind words in a morning now than I had in a month then, and blessings on the sweet young lady that's done it all!"

Erle, walking rapidly back, reached the mansion with the last minute of the half-hour to find his aunt in the hall surrounded by bundles and boxes and baskets, all the paraphernalia indispensable to feminine travel, the carriage at the door and a frown upon her face which cleared at sight of him.

"Oh, there you are, Erle. And we haven't two minutes to spare. You men always do wait for the last one, and then rush off at a way fit to break your necks. If you'll just take some of these and give me your arm down the steps, and—why, where's your valise?"

"All right; not a minute to spare, my dear aunt," responded Erle, catching her up and bearing her bodily to be placed in the waiting carriage. "And all these traps—pile 'em in anyhow at all, I suppose?"

He made a dash back into the hall for some package left, but his hasty glance around failed to reveal the sweet, wistful little face of which he had hoped to obtain a parting view. Miss Erle had taken good care of that. Her own leave-taking with Wilma had been done above, and she profusely disclaimed having the other descend at all. The discovery of Erle's absence at the last minute gave her a thrill of alarm, which changed to relief with his appearance from without. That fear of some bitter disappointment was making her nervous; she was cherishing the possibility until it began to take a Gorgon shape in her view. In her secret heart she felt that Ethel might have displayed a trifle less indifference in giving her farewell in the presence of the family after the other guests had departed on the preceding night, that she would have sacrificed no maiden reserve by coming down this morning for a last parting word. But, at the same time, had she found her nephew lingering for a farewell with Wilma she would have most sternly resented such disloyalty as her active fears could discover toward his betrothed. That Erle would most willingly have exposed himself to the reproach was fortunately not displayed as *prima facie* evidence, and Miss Erle's ruffled equanimity grew calm again.

A few hours later they sat over a late breakfast in the old Erle mansion, shut in by Westmoreland hills, and overlooking the straggling Westmoreland village.

"Home again," sighed the lady in thankful aspiration. "It's true as gospel, Erle."

"But even a humble there's no place like home." Even Hetherlands would never have the same charm for me that clings to every corner and crevice of the old nest here. Home! you are just in a fair way to find a realization of the word. It requires home affection to give that."

"I'm not shut off from all sense of the world, then, my dear aunt. Really, you are right; I turn longingly to my dear ones left at Hetherlands."

"Your what, Erle?"

"My dear companions, home affections, and the like. How poor Junius must miss me! And Jupiter and Pluto, and Lucifer himself, I fancy. Even poor wind-blown little Gabriel, and—"

"Erle, what on earth?"

"Only my dogs and my horses, and the little pet niggers, dear old auntie. So fond of me as they all are, upon my word it's rather remarkable considering how particularly lazy I have managed to keep them all."

"You are thoroughly incorrigible on that and all practically useful heads, I do believe. It's mercy there's to be a change, and I do hope Erle may exercise her first power in setting things to rights at Hetherlands."

A shadow came over Erle's face. He rose hastily, pushing his chair back, and crossed to stand on the broad, old-fashioned, red-tiled hearth. A wood fire flamed in the ample throat of the chimney, and he looked into the leaping blaze with steady, absent eyes. His aunt followed and stood beside him, patting her fair, wrinkled hand upon his sleeve.

"There, never mind the old woman's interference, my dear boy. It's not natural that you and I should think alike, a spinster of three-score, and a fine young fellow of twenty-four, the greatest contrasts to be found in the world. Ethel will understand what is right better than I, be sure of that. And now I am going to see that the dear boy's old room is quite in order for him. It is always kept in readiness, and Prudence has had fires there for a week, according to my instruction. Do you care to come along?"

"My dear aunt, how sorry I am to disappoint you. Poor Prudence, too, will scarcely be persuaded to forgive the cold shoulder I must give her attentions. The truth is, I am to return by the afternoon train."

"Erle!" screamed his aunt, aghast.

"It is very important, or you should know I would not insist. I could not think of leaving you to make the trip alone, or the matter demanding my presence should not have been deferred to this hour. My dear aunt, you'll never find it in your heart to forgive me, I'm afraid, but I mean to break with Ethel."

"Erle!" It was not a scream this time, but the wisest and slowest of shocked utterances.

"We will both be the better off for that which it is my duty to do. I am confident Ethel never could be happy with me as she may be, as it is her lot to deserve. But I—oh! aunt—Erle—can never be happy with any one, can never know any happiness after this except with Wilma. Oh, aunt Erle! thank God with me that we are not all made miserable by the discovery coming too late."

Miss Erle seemed turned to stone. She stood looking with coldly horrified eyes upon him, her fair wrinkled face turned hard, the soft white hair which had shaded her forehead and the years of hope and pride which she had up on the fact of this projected marriage all laid waste in a moment, were like sharp pangs of remorse present with him.

"Say at least you will try to pardon me this which is so great a disappointment to you, aunt Erle. It is so much the best for all of us; I can't plead for any thing less than that. It is my worst pain seeing you hear it so."

"You don't mean it, Erle, Erle! you surely don't mean it. With the pride of the Hetherlands and the Erles running in your veins you can't intend any thing so dishonorable. I've got a nightmare on me; I'm surely never awake in my own senses and my boy telling me that!"

"I am sure of Ethel; if I were not I would sacrifice myself rather than her. She will be happier in her restoration to freedom, and, oh, dear aunt! all the world would not weigh in the scale against my love for Wilma."

It was only the same form of words lovers have used in a million cases before, but with Erle's rapt face before her, with his blue eyes so steadfast and earnest, tender and grave, that she could scarcely reconcile their change from then bold, laughing, defiant, she knew that every word had its echo in his soul. Knew how strong his determination was under his remorse at causing her this grief; knew that word or act of hers would never turn him from his own decision of right. She sat down without a word, and her silence, the cold horror stamped upon her face yet, the shock of the disappointment which he knew was possessing her, struck him with keener reproach than more demonstrative grief would have done.

"You will believe that it is for the best when you see the end," he said, gently. "Don't think too harshly of your boy—your own boy the same as ever if you will let him be so. And the little Wilma who, God willing! shall be my own some day—you can't help loving for her own sake. If I could take back a message of your kindness to her—if I might have the assurance you are not changing toward me?"

"Not changed? Erle, Erle! I fear me I am so changed I shall never know my own self again."

And, indeed, that impenetrable ice of reserve dropped so suddenly about her neither melted nor moved while he remained. She was stiff and still and silent, making no attempt to check him when he talked to her, not saying much and to so little purpose that he soon desisted and was simply quietly attentive until his hour for departure came.

"One thing I ought to say, I suppose," she remarked then as he stooped to kiss her withered cheek. "I always meant to make you my heir, Erle, not that you needed any thing more, but of kith and kin of mine you are the last. Now—"

"Now, aunt Erle, there shall be no question of your disposal of any thing. At least one flaw which has troubled me before this shall have gone from between us. I never want any thing but the old love back again."

He went away more sorrowful and gloomy, and there stood by himself, looking at his happy spirit of the morning could have deemed possible.

The ice did not break about Miss Erle even then. Nor yet later when Prudence, the old housekeeper and confidential manager for half her life of more perhaps than Miss Erle's domestic affairs, came to her with a troubled and anxious face.

"There's symptoms of a sickness down in the village," she said; "signs that I don't like in the least. It's come among the Biffins, that great family of fine children, smothered in two close rooms together. No wonder they take every disease that's going. You'll have to get along without me, Miss Erle. I'm going down there to take the matter in hand before it gets the chance of a sweep, and the best of us."

CHAPTER XV.

A RESEMBLANCE.

ETHEL looked more than ever pale and *dis-trait*, was more than ever quiet and appetiteless at the breakfast table that same morning. Not one to wear her heart openly upon her sleeve, this fair petted darling of two seasons' favor found not her least mortification in her own self-humiliation. With that as an inward reproach, with her woman's pride not proof against defeat yet sustaining itself to all except her own heart, this listless, silent Ethel moving about the rooms was not at all the embodiment of one's ideal belle who has reigned undisputed through a short triumphant term and is about to end her brilliant course by the brilliant marriage expected of her.

"Ethel is all right," thought Mr. Richland, in one of his complacently observant moods. "She feels the difference with Erle's absence let me warrant, for however little disposed our young folks may be to turn sentimental after the popular fashion, there's more of the true ring of the metal under all than she has cared to acknowledge. A very long absence may conquer love, but a short one is more apt to prove it. It has all been as I foresaw; Erle's coming set the dear girl's misgivings at rest, and by my faith! it should require no stronger inducement

than that handsome face and perfect manliness of his to overcome worse odds than simply a girl's shy hesitation and distrust of herself. His coming was none too soon, as even I can see—this society life is beginning, to tell on her with a rather startling effect. I shall certainly advise a long season of travel and sight-seeing before they return to it. Gaslight and hot air and late hours will ruin any woman's looks, I suppose, if persisted in, though Gertrude stands them admirably. But then Gertrude is incomparable among women."

His complacent reflections were very comforting to Mr. Richland. The world, always disposed to treat him kindly, had for so long a time been his humble devotee that he quite overlooked the probability of any different phase ever being presented to him. His own comfort had been so well assured that it was quite out of all reason to contemplate any worse disaster than the small daily annoyances which are the grunts to buzz in the faces of the best and the greatest. His old unyielding pride and his individual satisfaction were both to receive a prop through the consummation of this alliance in every way so well calculated to gratify all concerned.

Ethel, reading all this in his kindly face, was pierced more deeply yet by that rambling pain within, as she steeled herself closer still to her own resolution. Come anguish to her own heart, come bitter humiliation and lasting concealed rebellions sentiment, she would not disappoint Howard, she would keep faith with Erle Hetherville in all except her hidden inner heart.

But oh, Ethel, Ethel! Had Justin Lenoir's deep, earnest eyes looked into yours, had his lips formed the word and his voice said it ever so softly—"come," what then of the firm will to override all temptation? Is ever any resolution to be trusted, which has no depth of heart for its foundation? Yet with all the knowledge that should be ours the same game of cross-purposes goes on daily and hourly, and least often with the fair, happy termination of setting all straight.

It was after ten when the pale little flower-vender made his appearance. "For Miss Wilde," and the fragrant package carefully inclosed was given into Wilma's hands. She knew in a moment from whom it came while her fingers were yet busy with the silver paper unfolding it, before the little card with her address in Erle's writing assured her beyond a doubt. And conscientious little Wilma, her heart swelling with the proof of his tender remembrance, dropping her face over the fragrant mass for the briefest space, only drew away with the quick contraction which was a certain sign of troubled feeling appearing in her forehead.

"I have no right to receive them," she was thinking. "I would not—oh! for all the world, I would not be the cause of bringing sorrow to Miss Ethel. I was wrong without knowing at the first; now that I know, I must shut all I can to put the wrong right. But oh! you darlings! And I sent you *ma*. Wilma, Wilma! remember they should have come to her."

And thus bringing herself to a reminder of her own strict sense of duty, Wilma detached the little card, and taking the moist moss basket with its burden of bloom, went up to Ethel's room.

"From Mr. Hetherville," she said, as she placed it quietly.

"And for once Mr. Hetherville has made an error of taste, I am afraid," Ethel remarked, glancing at it in no wise startled from her less indifference. "I have heard him say that the proper way is to choose flowers in character with their recipient. White roses and japonicas and calla lilies have characterized his choice for me before this, and I confess to rather disapproving of the change." Her white hand went carelessly over the mass, great loving-eyed pansies, sweet spice-pinks, blush rosebuds and modest mignonette, but turned away without removing one. "You may have them if you like, Wilma. In fact, Erle's theory would suit them to you far the best, and their green-house fragrance gives me a headache."

A headache more likely, as a reminder of how the "eternal fitness of things" was being marked in the case of them two.

Wilma took them away, that tremulous hand at her heart as she thought what a delicate, far-reaching sympathy it was to distinguish itself so unmistakably.

"Surely I may keep them now," she thought, "not as coming from him but as Miss Ethel's gift."

There was another ring at the bell presently, and Mr. Crayton was shown into the parlor where the ladies had gathered. Mrs. Richland lying idly back in her chair, Ethel with some pretension of work in her hands, and Wilma reading aloud—as totally diverse a trio as might be often found tenderly attached as these three had grown to be.

"This is an inexcusable breach of etiquette, of course," said the reporter after the first greeting. "Won't you ladies show forgiveness of it by not letting my presence disturb you in the least? I haven't the faintest shadow of an excuse for intruding, but as well tell you at first. The lawlessness of us Bohemians is our only law, though I promise not to make a repetition if this is an offense. Truth is, chancing into the neighborhood the law of attraction did the rest."

"You are very welcome," Mrs. Richland assured him, with that courtesy which does not distinguish between guests. "You see for yourself that we accept your permission, Mr. Crayton, and receive you quite without ceremony."

"You'd be amused to see what sort of receptions I do get sometimes. I don't suppose you have any idea of what a powerful level our newspaper world is under your stratum of society. The reporter who is called in under the gaslights to take notes of a grand glitter, a smash and a jumble to be separated into so many descriptions of toilettes and mingling shades with plentiful interspersions of aigrettes and coronets, cluster curls and pompadour braids, of magnificent parures and tasteful ornaments and drooping sprays and fair bouquets, *en decollete*, trained, looped, puffed, and all the perplexities of your mantamaker's art which we are supposed to conquer—that reporter is scarcely recognizable in his uncivilized Bohemianism, which may lead him to intrude after this fashion. I don't quite class myself with that

so very attractive that no temptation can sever a true Bohemian from the vagabond existence, no amount of influence or persuasion result in transforming him into average respectability or quietude. Once come to the state which I have arrived at, I assure you there is no redemption for any poor devil, and the worst of the best of it is that he rather glories in his lot than otherwise."

Saying it all with the reckless dash which gave added force to the words and was calculated to bring out the brightest tints of the picture, the froth and sparkle of the Bohemianism only was visible, none of the despair, the miseries, the want and waste and willful misuse of a life which almost invariably goes hand-in-hand with it, seeming the furthest of all realizations from his mind.

"There are regular gradations among us as in all other classes," he continued. "Those on the top are not such an immense remove from civilized beings, after all—Latimer and Lenoir, for instance. Apropos of Latimer, which suggests his art and accompaniments: Mrs. Richland, did you ever, in the 'aud lang syne,' which can not be so far gone as to leave you much changed, have a likeness taken and call it Rose? Moreover, were you ever dead and buried and resurrected to life again, after the fashion of three-volume romances of three centuries ago, when that interesting experience seemed the only method taken to outwit one's enemies?"

"I, Mr. Crayton?" The wide, dark eyes turned upon him slowly, their depths fathomless until a displeased surprise rose to them.

"Yourself, Mrs. Richland, I'm well aware that is a novel as well as impudent mode of questioning, but 'thereby hangs a tale,' which I hope may gain me pardon in your sight. That is unless you abominate scenes from real life which run in the way of mystery and dramatic effect."

"You couldn't adopt any better plan for raising the natural Mother Eve we all confess to," laughed Ethel. "I can answer for Gertrude, in one particular at least. She has a morbid aversion to sitting, and we have never succeeded in persuading her to have even a photograph taken. Artists of high and low degree, of all ranks, grades and pretensions, have exhausted their eloquence in vain, so I imagine it decided that Gertrude never could have lent herself to a representation and called it Rose. For the rest I can't take the responsibility of answering; such Phoenix-like emulation does not often appear after the actuality of earth to earth, ashes to ashes, I believe."

"Ethel is quite right," said Mrs. Richland, calmly indifferent, and disclaiming any show of curiosity. "Certainly I have never died or been buried or resurrected, Mr. Crayton."

"And yours is such a very peculiar face, if you'll allow me to remark it. I certainly quite a singular coincidence, a remarkable affair, to say the least."

"What is a remarkable affair, Mr. Crayton? Don't keep us in suspense, please; our weaker nerves are not calculated to bear the strain, and anything to involve Gertrude, ever so remotely, must prove of vital importance, I am sure."

"Pray, don't overwhelm me by taking it up so seriously. My rather absurd and unwarranted questioning springs from a little incident which might form one of a series entitled 'Nights in the Streets.' An incident not calculated to reflect to the credit of our twin cities, and with a slight exception, a match-play, occurring within our sight, Lenoir's and mine, after we left here last night. Allegheny is not responsible, as perhaps you may be glad to know. We had crossed the bridge and were walking along Sixth avenue, near Penn, when a brief but decisive skirmish took place ahead. A couple of ruffians darted out to attack a gentleman, but the sporting gentry seemed to have reckoned without their host for once, since their selected victim proved himself more than enough for both of them. He dropped one with a back-hand sweep, and the other was glad to find his heels after a round or two. We were on the spot in a minute after the occurrence, and when the gentleman returned from the short pursuit he had made, he was either of us, we all stood talking until the police came up and took charge of the one villain. Something glittered on the pavement in the light of the bull's-eye, and I picked up a little miniature wherein I would have declared it was your face painted, Mrs. Richland. Lenoir and I both remarked it, but the stranger claimed it as his property and assured us of our mistake. It had been the keepsake of a friend of his, he said, the original a lady named Rose, who had been dead and buried for seventeen years. The resemblance was remarkable, you may imagine, since it was powerful enough to attract the attention of both Lenoir and myself."

"Rather a strange coincidence, as you say," assented Mrs. Richland, indifferent as ever. "Resemblances are not uncommon, however."

"I rather congratulate myself over the interest aroused by that one, since it opens the pleasure of Captain Bernham's future acquaintance, and I flatter myself he is one man of the few worth cultivating."

"Of whom—what name did you say?" Mrs. Richland's face was turned away, but her voice was soft and clear and bell-like, a peculiar voice just as hers was a peculiar face.

"Captain Leigh Bernham, a deuce of a handsome, strong-built, soldierly fellow. My wonder is that the others had the temerity to attack him. But, by the way, you will soon have a reputation for resemblances. One of our mutual friends discovered another, rather vague, I'm afraid, Dr. Craven Dallas, I'm meaning. The old fellow appeared so excited over the matter that I assured him of the fact with which I chanced to have become acquainted—that you have no blood-relatives to share such an honor. I believe I was right in that."

"Quite right, Mr. Crayton!" Her head came back to its former position, the face to his view, and he remarked how perfectly marble-like it was in its contour and coloring.

"And that reminds me of what I had nearly forgotten," supplemented the reporter; "that I am summoned to appear in the case at the alderman's office, this afternoon."

He took his leave soon after, and the short fall day went quietly by in the mansion. Wilma had been busy all the day, and at nearly dusk went out to a store on a neighboring street to match the silks Ethel was using.

"I would rather go than not," she said when the latter made a remonstrance. "I neglected my usual walk to-day and need a trifle of freshening up."

She went and had returned to the very shadow of the mansion itself, when she was caught suddenly from her feet, folded close in strong masculine arms, and kissed in fierce, fond passion by bearded lips. Then she was put as suddenly down again, and a tall form strode rapidly away and was lost in the gloom.

CHAPTER XVI.
CROSS PURPOSES.

"SEE here, Ethel. You haven't been doing any such foolish thing as quarrel with Erle, I hope?"

She was sitting in the dusk but turned back

with her brother's words. He was walking the wide upper hall, waiting for Mrs. Richland's dinner toilette to be completed. It was to be a night out and the task of dressing was rather prolonged. Mr. Richland's natural domesticity rather inclined toward a disfavor for the empty drawing-rooms, and after fifteen years of wedded life he was sufficiently lover-like to wait in attendance upon his wife.

"Certainly not, Howard."

"You relieve me, I could make nothing else out of his strange actions. Upon my word, his solemn physiognomy almost affected me with some active apprehensions, and he would like a private interview if you have the leisure, though he declined a seat at the opera and his own chances for the evening."

"Erle, Howard? He went to Westmoreland this morning, did he not?—and for a week's time?"

"So I had understood, and his unexpected return gave me my first start when I met him at the door a few minutes ago. He is waiting below now, in the library. I believe he came here straight from the train, though I remember his saying something of taking up his own apartments. And, by the way, Ethel, Gertrude tells me there will be no delay on account of trousseau or other preparations. There has been a reply to her order and the goods themselves will be forthcoming within the month. So, if Erle broaches naming the day, I couldn't find a single objection in the world to any early date. I have had New Year's Day in my mind, but it is your prerogative to be suited in regard to that. Shorten the time by all means if it agrees better with Erle's no doubt impetuous desires."

"Oh, my dear brother, certainly not sooner than that. Indeed, Howard, I am half inclined to resent this intense anxiety of yours to rid yourself of a troublesome incubance. Fortunately that I am inclined to assert my right, or you would be marrying me out of hand whether or no."

"Well, well, Ethel; you understand why I am anxious, my dear. And now don't let me detain you."

She passed on, but not down immediately. She paused at Mrs. Richland's door and went in at finding her alone. She was already dressed and turning over the contents of a jewel-casket absently. She paused with a smile at seeing her fair young sister-in-law.

"How prompt you are, Ethel. And you are in time to settle a vexed question. I can't quite decide what to wear to-night in the way of ornament."

"Diamonds, by all means, with that ruby moire, Gertrude. Indeed you ought never to wear any thing but diamonds. You have been born to them and all brilliant things in destiny. I wonder if life is a fatality from first to last?"

"That has turned your thoughts in that strain, Ethel? You have not found any dissatisfaction in your own, I hope?"

"Not probable, since I have been always so kindly guarded. I have wondered sometimes what when I have been inclined to doubt myself—I suppose we never are sure of ourselves until we are put to the test. Take your case for example. If you had not loved Howard as you do, if you had married him out of gratitude or from a sense of duty say, only having the highest respect and appreciation for his noble qualities, would you have been contented, have always kept your duty toward him in view, have grown perhaps into some approach of the peace which I am sure you must have mutually enjoyed?"

Ethel's face was not averted but her eyes were not lifted to meet the scrutinizing glance of the other darker ones. These deep, inscrutable eyes of Mrs. Richland had a subtle power of penetration which could penetrate more clearly than Ethel's troubled mind just then would care to be probed.

"I fancy such cases are more common than you imagine, my dear," she answered, composedly. "If it had been my case as you have just put it, I am sure I should never have suffered one pang of regret through any lingering indecision of my own, would have found such peace and such content in his tenderness and his strong love as would have reconciled sacrifice and duty, and sweet as after trial which might be bravely borne for his sake. I have, I have enough faith in that sentiment of love which has had no trial and none but a fanciful existence, Ethel; I have every faith in the reality with the plain knowledge of its strong, earnest foundation and the perfect trust to be reposed there. High respect and appreciation of noble qualities are the truest bases upon which an enduring trust was ever built."

Ethel's eyes lifted now freely and smilingly.

"No one could have a truer experience to speak from, Gertrude. Has Howard spoken to you particularly of Erle and—of me—and New Year's Day?"

"I know what hopes he has built upon all three, Ethel."

"You may tell him, if you like, that I shall be ready then, provided Erle wishes it. He is below now, come unexpectedly back from Westmoreland and waiting for me. Ah, Wilma! I was almost uneasy, thinking you had not returned yet."

Wilma had come into the room, just catching the last of Ethel's speech, half hesitating, on the point of retiring again.

"I have been back for ten minutes at least. Cicely was busy, and I thought you might be needing something. Shall I put your jewels back, Mrs. Richland?"

"If you like, Wilma." Mrs. Richland had clasped diamonds at her throat and upon her wrists, but she did not move away. The steady eyes were looking at her own fair sembler, but preoccupied as they seemed, they caught Wilma's upward anxious glance.

"What is it, my dear? Why, child, are you ill? You look to be burning with fever."

"I am quite well, only flushed. Is it Mr. Hetherville has returned unexpectedly whom Miss Ethel has gone down to meet?"

"Yes. We were mistaken regarding his intention, evidently, or it has changed it."

"And it was he, though I did not think it," mused Wilma, a hotter flush burning her cheeks. "What should I do—what can I do now? It gives me such a guilty sense, though Heaven knows I would sooner die than bring misery to any of them."

Searching eyes were on the flushing, agitated face. Mrs. Richland drew back and sunk down into a chair, the ruby silk draping about her in rich, glowing folds, the diamonds flashing back the light.

"Come here, Wilma," she said, quietly. "Something is troubling you, and trouble can sometimes be better borne when the knowledge of it is divided. Solibing and nervous and distressed, I am sure the blame is not yours, whatever the matter may be! Sit here and tell me, if you can."

Wilma dropped on a low stool at her feet, her slight form shaken, her hot, tearful face buried in her hands. She lifted it in a moment, more composed, wistfully deprecating.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Richland, it is the fear of trouble coming through me, the fear of repaying you for your kindness with sorrow and disappointment. I would so gladly bear all sorrow and all pain if it might be spared to any one in this dear house."

"Go on, Wilma. Tell me what sorrow—what pain!" The white cool hand was passed gently over the girl's forehead with a touch which was quietly soothing now, such a deep, soft light in the steady eyes that Wilma's heart ached to its depths.

"Oh, Mrs. Richland! I am afraid that, through me, unhappiness may come to Miss Ethel, disappointment to all of you. Indeed, I would go gladly. If I had never come there would have been no change, as I fear there is, in Mr. Hetherville."

The soft, cool hand was still, the slightest change came over the marble-like calmness of the perfect face.

"Mr. Hetherville?" The little dusky head was drawn with a sudden swiftness to the lady's shoulder, the quiet cheek laid against the burning, throbbing brow. "Tell me here, Wilma. Has this change which has come to Mr. Hetherville also touched you?"

A quick comprehension had come to Mrs. Richland. A change, too, had come to her, almost a relieved change it would seem, and that caressing, magnetic touch quieted Wilma until she could tell steadily all that had passed between her and Erle on the preceding night.

"He promised to remain the same to her unless her own word and her own wish released him, but to-night—to-night, as I was coming in from the street, just at dusk, some one—a tall man, whom I had not seen in the shadows—caught me in his arms, and kissed me on the cheeks and lips and forehead. I turned fairly sick with fright, but he put me down and was gone in a moment. I did not think of it being Mr. Hetherville. I thought he was in Westmoreland, to remain for a week."

Her sobs choked her there. Mrs. Richland's quieting touch was gentle as before.

"I think we can trust to Mr. Hetherville," she said. "He is quite incapable of a dishonorable act, I am sure. You are not to blame in this. But, Wilma, child, may be better for your own sake if the change in him proves to have been but the impulse of the moment, to be lost in the truth of his love for Ethel. If it proves more than that, the discovery is better made now, as he said—far better than if they were bound by irrevocable ties."

The quiet intensity of her expression startled and stilled Wilma. They sat in the same position for a moment more, then Mrs. Richland, grown impatient of his solitary march up and down the wide dim hall, tapped at the door, interrupting them.

Ethel had gone down to the library, where Erle awaited her. He had come straight from the train, as Mrs. Richland had surmised. The knowledge which had broken upon him with such powerful force would permit him no rest until his future position was decided. He had not lost sight of his promise to Wilma; it had been Ethel's will, not his, that should give him liberty. He had meant it fully, rather than declared he would sacrifice himself rather than her. Had he believed it for Ethel's true happiness now, he would have sealed his lips above every remonstrance and given no sign. But he felt sure of her heart as he was of his own; he had not a doubt but that, in bringing about the freedom which was so sure of gaining, he would break hateful bonds for her.

With that settled purpose in his heart, he was waiting, when the door swung back and she came straight up to him, with a bright smile that the fair face had worn for him in all these later days they had been together, both hands put out with that winning grace which had always been one of her charms.

Ethel's lingering, long battle had been fought out in those few minutes passed in her sister-in-law's room. A long, lingering battle, the end of which she had marked long since, but now, then, she had really conquered that stubborn enemy found in herself. Her sacrifice had been promised before this, for her brother's sake, and by the reflex of the pride so bitterly wounded through her own weakness; but Gertrude's words let a new light in upon the sacrifice which changed it to an enabling duty.

"With my own full knowledge of Erle's true worth, with my own earnest desire to bring him all he expects from me, with my devotion to him, I am sure, surely my task will not be so very hard to carry with so much. We were kept to the time that is asked," she said to herself, and waited into his presence with the glow of conscious approval warming her heart and appearing in her frank greeting.

"What a surprise you have given me," she said, "a delightful surprise. I did not expect you for a week at least. There has been no mischance, nothing to give you apprehension, I hope."

Something in his face roused her quick alarm. He had taken her hand, meeting her free, affectionate glance with one doubtful and searching. His confidence was wavering for the first. Never before had she seemed so genuinely affectionately trustful, never before had he felt so regretful of the bond between them.

"No mischance, nothing unfortunate in the way of actual happening, Ethel. And I have come back purposely to arrive at a thorough and perfect understanding with you. Sit here while I say what I have to say; I will not keep you long."

She rested her hand upon the back of the chair he placed for her and remained standing, her hazel eyes fixed inquiringly upon his face, that lately gained strength of hers bearing her unwaveringly before him.

"We entered upon our betrothal six years ago, mere inexperienced children both of us, not even understanding the sacred nature of the trust we were taking upon ourselves. Under almost any other circumstances the old tender folly would have been spent long ago, the remembrance nothing more than a matter for laughing comment now. We were kept to it by the approbation the proposed alliance met upon both sides; we had no test of difficulties to overcome, not an obstacle which might have roughened our way but was smoothed from it by the watchful care of others. For six years the same end has been steadfastly fixed before the sight of both; we have each been impressed with a conviction that to deviate from the straight path leading to it would be such a breach of honor and good faith that we could never redeem ourselves from the stigma it would cast. We have come very close to that end at last, so close that there will be no possibility of turning back after this. Is it your wish to go on, Ethel? Has there been no out-reaching or no craving for any other destiny than that linked with mine? Is there not love deeper, another lot to be shared with more promise of sweet content than ever thought of mine afforded? If any other life can hold better happiness for you, Ethel, it is due to you both that the truth should be spoken now. Don't fear to speak it now from the inner depths of your heart, and remember, it will be doing only the same justice to me as to your own life."

The sweet, earnest face not drooping before his gaze, the soft eyes looking wistfully into his, saw in his fixed and resolute expression only the strict rectitude of a noble soul, the doubt of her best happiness being assured, the willingness to advance it at the sacrifice of his own, and never before had she felt so nearly

drawn, so close to a comprehension of purely quiet happiness such as she was sure to find with him.

"It is like you to be so nobly considerate, so wholly disregarding of self in remembrance of me. I appreciate and thank you for the kindness, Erle. It is best that there shall not be even a lingering misapprehension between us. If ever any obstacle existed between our free trust in each other, it exists no longer now. If I ever had a temptation to waver from the first spirit of our attachment, it is gone for all time. As for you, I will not wound your true heart by even a doubt. To show how thoroughly I trust you, Erle, I am going to do what will give all most joy, I believe, name next New Year's Day for our wedding."

The lights danced before his eyes, the color faded from his lips and he staggered dizzily, but she never suspected that her hardly-found submission dashed all his cherished hopes and wrung his heart with as keen anguish as she had ever felt.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 194.)

RED ARROW,
THE WOLF DEMON;
OR,
THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.
BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED HAZEL," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Mournfully the Indians carried the body of the slain man to his wigwam, and soon the wall of lamentation and despair broke on the stillness of the night.

"What does the chief think?" asked the Black Cloud, as he watched the lowering face of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

"That the Bad Spirit is among us," returned the chief, slowly. "My warriors are falling, one by one, by the hand of this secret foe. I would give my own life to conquer him and save my nation from him."

"Why not seek the Medicine Man? The Wolf Demon is a spirit—the Medicine Man will give the chief a charm so that he can fight the Wolf Demon," said the Black Cloud, sagely.

"My brother speaks well—his counsel is good—the chief will visit the Great Medicine," replied Ke-ne-ha-ha.

And acting instantly on the resolution that he had formed, Ke-ne-ha-ha went at once to the wigwam of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.

The wigwam of the Great Medicine was far from the others of the village, and half hid itself within the borders of the wood as if it courted solitude.

The Great Medicine of the Shawnees was an aged man. Infirm and old was he, yet gifted with wondrous skill. He knew all the properties of the herbs of the forest, the meadow and the swamp. Could cure by charms and conjurations the most dangerous diseases.

The savages looked upon him with awe and wonder. Even Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief as he was of the Shawnee nation, felt a slight sensation of awe creep over him as he entered the wigwam of the Great Medicine.

As usual the Medicine Man sat in a corner of the lodge all wrapped up in blankets, even his head concealed. Only his face was visible, and that painted in streaks of black and white in a horrible fashion.

A little fire burning in the center of the lodge cast a dim light over the scene.

The Medicine Man made a slight motion with his hand, and the chief entered, as if to acknowledge his presence.

"Let the Great Medicine open his eyes while the chief of the Shawnee speaks, and let his words sink into his heart as the soft summer rain sinks into the earth."

Another slight motion of the head answered the words of the chief.

"It is good—let my brother listen," said the chief, gravely.

Again the Medicine Man bowed his head.

"The Shawnees are a great nation—many brave as the panther—cunning as the fox. The Shawnee braves fear not death, but they wish to meet it face to face. Now it crawls upon them from behind—in the darkness, and strikes them to death before they dream that a foe is near. Can my father tell me of a charm to conquer the Wolf Demon?"

"Does the chief wish to see him?" asked the Great Medicine, in a cracked and wavering voice.

"Yes," answered the chief, eagerly.

"I will bring the Wolf Demon before him at once."

CHAPTER XXV.
ON THE TRAIL.

VIRGINIA woke from her swoon to find herself a captive in the hands of the Shawnees. Three grim and painted chiefs were her guards.

Virginia shuddered when she thought of the terrible fate that was in store for her. No ray of light broke through the darkness of the clouded future. She despaired of ever again seeing home and friends.

The red-men bore her swiftly through the forest, heading toward the Ohio.

The false white man, the treacherous guide, who had led her into the snare, had disappeared.

Crossing the Ohio, the savages conducted their prisoner to the Indian Village at Chillicothe.

Great was the rejoicing among the Shawnees, when the hapless girl was brought a prisoner into their midst. It seemed to them like an omen of good fortune.

Virginia was placed in one of the wigwams, and there left in solitude to meditate upon the dreadful misfortune that had come upon her.

Alone, far from home and kindred, there seemed no avenue of escape open to her. Despairing, she prayed to the Great Power above to rescue her from her terrible peril.

Leaving the despairing maid to her own sad thoughts, we will return to the renegade Girty. After leaving the old General, Girty made his way to the secluded glade in the forest where he had arranged to meet Kendrick.

Girty found his companion waiting for him. "The Indians have departed with the girl?" Girty asked.

"Yes," by the way, what do you intend to do with her?" said Kendrick.

"Give her to some chief for a wife. I have just had a little talk with Treveling. I told him who I was and of the vengeance that I have taken for the wrong that he did me so many years ago." Girty's face showed plainly his fierce joy as he spoke.

"It was a dangerous attempt to penetrate into yonder settlement," said Kendrick.

"Yes, but my disguise you see is perfect. This black wig covers my own hair, and the walnut stain upon my face changes the color of my complexion. But we must return to Chillicothe. The settlers know of Ke-ne-ha-ha's in-

tended attack and are prepared for it. The chief must know it. The design to surprise the station has failed."

"Will he then give up the attack?"

"No; Ke-ne-ha-ha will play the lion if he can not act the part of the fox. The Shawnees and their allies have force enough to drive all the whites from the banks of the Ohio. They will try to do it and I think they will succeed."

"I say, Girty," said Kendrick, suddenly, "why do you give the girl to the Indians? Why not keep her for yourself? She is young and pretty; a prize for any man."

"I have thought of that," replied the other, "perhaps the knowledge that his daughter was mine would give more pain to Treveling than any thing else."

"I should think it likely."

"I will think about the matter; but now let us to Chillicothe as fast as our legs will carry us. Soon we will return with brand and steel. Dying men and blazing roof-trees shall mark our path."

Then the two plunged into the thicket, and soon their forms were lost in the mazes of the wood.

For a few minutes the little glade was deserted by all living things, and then again life stood within the forest opening.

Forth from the covert of the wood came the strange girl known as Kanawha Kate. In her hand she carried the long rifle common to the frontier. In her belt was thrust the keen-edged scalping-knife of the Indian.

For a moment she paused in the center of the glade and listened eagerly.

"She is then in the Shawnee village, the prisoner of the renegade," she murmured. "She, the promised wife of the man that I love with all the passion of my nature. Full of agony was the tone in which she spoke."

"Why did I permit this terrible love to take possession of my heart? Why did I not crush it at the moment of its birth? But my rival is in the power of the Indians. This man, Girty, may make her his, then she will be removed from my path forever. Why should I interfere to save her? If Harvey does not see her again he may forget her, and then I may be able to win his love. Oh! how full of bliss is even the thought."

For a moment she stood like one inspired, her eyes flashing and her lips half-opened. And then a change came over her face. Her head sunk down listlessly upon her breast.

"Alas! it is but a dream," she murmured, sorrowfully. "He will never learn to love me even if she is lost to him. I have forgotten that I am the daughter of the renegade. One at whom the finger of scorn is pointed. A wretched creature not fit to associate with others whose skins are white like mine. I am an outcast, a child of the forest. What madness then to think that I can ever win the love of a man like Harvey Winthrop. No, it is impossible."

Slowly and mournfully Kate spoke, as the truth forced itself upon her mind.

"I must to the Shawnee village," she cried, suddenly. "The Indians know me as the daughter of the renegade and will not harm me. On my way through the forest I can decide upon what course to pursue. Whether to leave Virginia to her fate, to the cruel mercy of having her life spared by Girty, only to become his wife; or to save her—if it be possible—and give her to the man who has, unknowingly, won my heart. Oh! to leave her to Girty, is a terrible temptation; Heaven give me strength to resist it!"

Then through the wood Kate followed on the trail of her father and Girty.

Cautiously she followed on the trail till it led into the Indian village by the bank of the Scioto known as Chillicothe.

In the thicket that fringed the village, Kate halted.

Now, what course shall I pursue? she asked, communing with herself. "Shall I go at once boldly into the village and say that I have come to seek my father? or shall I remain here in concealment and watch my opportunity to enter the village unobserved?"

For a few moments Kate pondered over the difficult question. She could not decide which of the two courses to adopt.

Then from a wigwam, in full view of the thicket that concealed the girl, came Girty and Kendrick.

They met their steps slowly toward the river.

"I have it," cried Kate suddenly. "I will tell my father that I feared to remain alone in my cabin and brave the dangers of the Indian attack, and that I wish to remain here until the war is ended. They will not suspect my purpose."

And having come to this conclusion, she stepped forward from the shelter of the thicket.

The two men started with surprise when they beheld the girl.

"Why, Kate, what brings you here?" asked Kendrick, in astonishment.

"I am in search of my father," she replied.

"What do you want with me?"

"I have thought over your warning regarding the Indian attack, and have concluded to seek shelter here," she replied.

"It's the best thing you kin do," said Kendrick, approvingly.

Girty's face wore a strange expression as he looked up at the girl.

"Is this your daughter?" he said, in an undertone to Kendrick.

"Yes," the other replied; "don't you remember her?"

"Her face is familiar to me," said Girty, with a puzzled air, "yet I can not ever remember meeting her before."

"She was with me, myer in the nation, some five years ago; of course she's changed a good deal since that time."

"That is probably the reason why her face seems strange, and yet familiar to me. But come this way a moment. I have something to say to you."

Kendrick followed Girty. A few paces on, out of earshot of the girl, Girty halted.

"Is your daughter to be trusted?" Girty asked.

"Why, what do you mean?" said Kendrick, in wonder.

"I mean, is she red at heart, like ourselves? Does she hate the whites?"

"Well, I reckon that she doesn't bear 'em much love. The settlers have allers looked upon her as they would upon a spotted snake; a pretty thing, but dangerous, and not to be trusted, and not to be handled. But why do you ask the question?"

"I'll tell you. I want some one to look after this girl."

"Why not get one of the squaws?"

"I am afraid to trust her with them. Of course I shall have to go with Ke-ne-ha-ha, on his expedition against the whites. If any reverse should happen to the Indians, and the news of it reach the village in my absence, they might take revenge upon the girl."

"Yes, that's very true."

"But if I can get your daughter to take charge of her, why, that danger will be avoided."

"Well, you kin ask the gal. I guess she'll be willing to do it," said Kendrick.

"I'll pay her well for the service. The presence, too, of one of her own blood may serve to reconcile the girl to her fate, or, at any rate,

it will serve to rob her captivity of half its terrors."

"Better speak to Kate right away."

"I will."

Then the two returned to the girl.

"Kate, my friend, I want you to do a little favor for me," said Kendrick.

"What is it?" asked Kate, and even as she spoke the thought came into her mind that the favor had something to do with the captive maid.

"There is a white girl in the village, not exactly a prisoner to the Indians, for I intend to marry her, but still, she is not free. I would like to have you take charge of her; do all you can to make her contented with and accept the fate that is before her. I will pay you well for the service."

"What is her name?" and not a muscle of Kate's face betrayed that she knew what the name could be before it was spoken.

"Virginia Treveling," replied Girty, after hesitating for a moment, but then an instant's reflection convinced him that it would be folly to attempt to conceal the name of his prisoner.

"Very well, I will do it," said Kate, quietly.

"I told you I thought she would," said Kendrick, with an air of satisfaction.

"She is in yonder wigwam," and Girty pointed to one that stood by the bank of the Scioto, a hundred paces or so from where they were.

"I will take good care of her," Kate said, and neither of the two that stood by her side guessed the double meaning conveyed in her words.

And so Kate was placed to guard the captive Virginia. In her heart two passions struggled for supremacy. The fate of her rival was in her hands. Would she save or crush her?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREAT MEDICINE.

KE-NE-HA-HA gazed at the old Medicine Man in astonishment, not unmixed with awe.

"Did the great chief hear right? Did my father say that he could show the Wolf Demon to Ke-ne-ha-ha?"

"Yes," the Great Medicine of the Shawnee nation can raise the dead—can bring the evil spirit—the Wolf Demon—from the air, the earth or from the fire where he has his wigwam," chanted the old Indian.

For a few moments in silence the Shawnee chief looked upon the Great Medicine.

"My father speaks straight," he said, at length, breaking the silence. "His tongue is not forked. Is the Wolf Demon an Indian devil?"

"No, white."

"White?" and the chief started.

"Yes, as white as the Ohio waves when the Great Spirit lashes them with his storm-wind, and they bind white plumes around their scalp-locks."

The chief pondered with moody brows. The old Indian from the covert of his blankets watched him with searching eyes.

"Then the Great Medicine can show me the Wolf Demon?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Does the chief see that green stick?" and the old Indian pointed to the fire.

"Yes."

"When that stick becomes a flaming brand, then turn to a blackened coal, the Wolf Demon will be here."

"In this wigwam?" asked the chief, in wonder.

"Yes."

"Why not before?"

"The Wolf Demon is far down below the earth. His home is in the fire that burns in the mouth of the tortoise that carries the earth on his back. He can not come in an instant. The Great Medicine knew that Ke-ne-ha-ha would seek his counsel before the young moon died. He knew that the chief would wish to see the Wolf Demon, and he summoned him from the land of shadows long ago. But for that, the chief would not be able to have his wish gratified tonight."

"The Wolf Demon will come, then?" and instinctively Ke-ne-ha-ha's hand sought the handle of his tomahawk as he spoke.

"Yes; the chief is wise to prepare, for the Wolf Demon comes to take his life."

"Ah!" and Ke-ne-ha-ha's eyes shot lurid fires as he uttered the simple exclamation.

"Does the chief fear?"

"What! the white devil? ugh! Ke-ne-ha-ha's heart is like rock. He does not fear."

"Then the chief will threaten fight the Wolf Demon?" asked the Great Medicine.

"Yes, if the Wolf Demon makes the chief will fight him. Many great warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon. He is a coward. He does not attack the Shawnee braves like a warrior and a man. He creeps behind them in the forest like a cat and strikes them in the back. He will not dare to meet Ke-ne-ha-ha, face to face."

"See, the green stick is burning," and the Medicine Man looked toward the fire as he spoke.

"When it is ashes, the chief will stand face to face with the Wolf Demon. He will tremble like a squaw when he sees the white man's devil."

"The Great Medicine is wise, but he lies when he says that Ke-ne-ha-ha will tremble!" cried the Shawnee chief, anger sparkling in his eyes.

"The great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation never turned his back to mortal foe, either red or white-skinned warrior. Why should he fear the devil that hides in the wood, and who, like a coward, strikes his foes in the back?" and Ke-ne-ha-ha drew himself up proudly, as he spoke.

"The chief has the heart of a lion; it is a pity that he should die like the snake," said the old Indian, slowly.

"When the chief dies it will be upon the war-path!" exclaimed the Shawnee brave, in defiance; "a hundred scalps will hang at his belt—his hand will be red with the blood of his foe. When he enters the happy hunting-grounds, the chiefs will bow in homage to him, and say, 'Here is a great warrior; welcome.'"

"The chief is wrong," said the Great Medicine, slowly; "he will not die on the war-path. The Great Medicine sees the future. It is clouded to all other eyes but his. His heart is Shawnee—it is torn with anguish when he reads the future and sees the desolation and dismay that must come upon the Shawnee nation. Before his eyes is a sea of blood, not white blood but red, the blood of the Indian."

Over the brow of the chief came a gloomy cloud as he listened to the prophetic words of the old man.

His heart sunk within him as he heard the prophecy of disaster and death.

"Does the Great Medicine read the future straight?" he asked, anxiously. "Is not the blood that he sees, the blood of the white settlers by the banks of the Ohio? the blood of the false-hearted, crooked-tongued chiefs who have stolen the lands of the red-men and whose mouths are full of lies?"

Sorrowfully the old Indian shook his head.

"The blood is the life-current of the Shawnees, the Mingoes, the Wyandots and the Hurons. The heart of the Great Medicine is sad, but he must speak the truth."

"Then the expedition of the Shawnee chief

against the whites on the Ohio will be defeated?" asked Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a frown upon his face.

"Yes."

"The chief will go if he had ten thousand lives to lose and knew that by the act he would sacrifice them all," said the Shawnee, proudly, and with an air of dogged defiance.

"The chief has but one life to lose, and he will lose it in the Shawnee village, by the banks of the Scioto," said the Great Medicine.

Ke-ne-ha-ha started as the words fell upon his ears, and a look of anger swept over his face.

"Will the chief die by the hand of a spy—a snake who will creep into the Shawnee village to strike him in the back?"

"No, Ke-ne-ha-ha will be killed in a fair and open fight, but he will be killed in the midst of the Shawnees and die in one of the wigwams of his own people."

The chief looked puzzled at the strange words of the old Indian.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha does not understand; will my father speak straight?"

"The chief does not fear then to learn the future?"

"No," said the Shawnee warrior, proudly.

"Not even when he is to hear of the manner of his death?"

"A warrior must die some time. Ke-ne-ha-ha is ready when the Great Spirit calls him."

"Good," the Great Medicine will speak then. He must speak words that cause him tears of blood, for they tell of the death of the Shawnee chieftain."

"Ke-ne-ha-ha's ears are open—he listens."

"Before the moon dies, a terrible figure will be in the Shawnee village. All fly from its path—the birds of the night, the insects of the earth—for it is not of human mold. The moonbeams shining in fear will show the figure of a huge gray wolf. The wolf walks on its hind legs like a man. It has the face of a human, and it is striped with war-paint, black and white. In its paw it carries a tomahawk—the edge is crusted with blood that dims the brightness of the steel. The blood comes from the veins of some of the best warriors of the Shawnee nation. The Little Crow hunted the brown deer in the woods of the Scioto. He came not back. His brother found him in the forest dead—the print of a tomahawk in his skull and a Red Arrow graven on his breast. Watega is another great brave of the Shawnee nation. Not two sleeps ago he went with the white red-men—the renegades—on a scout. He has not come back to his wigwam, though the others have returned. His squaw sits in his lodge and wonders where he is. He will never come back. In a little glade on the other side of the Ohio is his body—a tomahawk cut in the skull, and on his breast the totem of the Red Arrow."

Ke-ne-ha-ha started. The death of Watega, who was one of his favorite warriors, startled him.

"Watega dead!" he cried, hardly willing to believe the news.

"The Great Medicine has said that he sleeps the long sleep that knows no waking," chanted the old Indian; his voice coming from beneath the blankets wrapped around his head like a voice from the tomb.

"How can my father know that Watega is dead?" demanded the chief, obstinately refusing to believe.

"Does the Shawnee chief question the power of the Great Medicine, and yet come to him for advice?" said the old Indian, with an accent of scorn in his voice.

"My father is sure?"

"Yes."

"Watega was a great warrior; peace be with him," said the chief, solemnly.

"Little Crow and Watega fell by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon in the forest, and not an hour ago the Red Leaf met his death by the Scioto, and the Wolf Demon dealt the blow."

Ke-ne-ha-ha saw the slain brave, the last victim of the white devil, the chief said, sorrowfully.

"No, the chief is wrong; not the last victim, for another Shawnee has felt the keen edge of the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon since the Red Leaf died by his hand."

"Another of my braves killed!" cried Ke-ne-ha-ha, in wonder and in anger.

"Yes, two have had the totem of the Red Arrow graven on their breasts since the moon rose."

"And who was the other?"

"The Great Spirit will not tell the chief now, but the chief will know when the stick burns to ashes and the Wolf Demon comes."

"But the fate of Ke-ne-ha-ha?"

"The red chief will fall by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon."

There was silence for a few moments in the wigwam.

Over the face of the Shawnee chief came a look of stern resolution. There was no trace of fear in the bearing of the Shawnee.

"Let my father keep his word and bring the white devil," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, breaking the silence.

"The Great Spirit wills that the chief of the Shawnee nation is to die by the hand of the scourge of his race, Ke-ne-ha-ha is content. But he will fight the Wolf Demon before he dies."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STORY OF THE WOLF DEMON.

THE Little fire sputtered as the flame cat into the heart of the green stick.

The light chased and toyed with the dark shadows that lurked, assassin-like, in the corners of the Indian lodge.

Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a resolute but gloomy brow, looked upon the old Indian, who sat like a vampire by the embers.

"My father will keep his word?" the chief said, after a silence of long duration.

"Watch the green stick—when it is ashes the Wolf Demon will stand before the chief."

The Shawnee brave gazed upon the Great Medicine in wonder.

"My father is a Great Medicine, to be able to call the white man's devil."

"The Great Spirit wills that the Wolf Demon should come, the Medicine Man does not bring him. He only knows that he is coming."

"Can my father tell me one thing more?" asked the chief, after thinking for a moment.

"Let the Shawnee brave speak; then the Great Medicine can answer," returned the old Indian, ambiguously.

"The chief will speak," said Ke-ne-ha-ha, decidedly. "The Wolf Demon has slain many a great brave of the Shawnee nation. He is only seen by the banks of the Scioto. He strikes only at the Shawnees. Why does not the white man's devil kill also the Wyandot and the Mingo warriors? Why does Shawnee blood alone stain the edge of his tomahawk?"

"The chief is anxious to know why?"

"Yes; can my father tell?"

"The Great Medicine of the Shawnees can tell all things, either in life or death. Let the chief open his ears, and he shall hear."

"Ke-ne-ha-ha listens," said the chief, curtly.

"The Wolf Demon is a white devil, and he hates the Shawnees. He does not hate the Mingo warrior or the Wyandot brave, only the Shawnee."

"But why should he hate the warriors that Ke-ne-ha-ha leads?"

"Because when the Wolf Demon was on earth they did him wrong."

The chief started.

"The Wolf Demon has lived, then, a human?"

"Yes."

"Will my father tell how that can be?"

"Yes; listen." The Great Medicine paused for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, then again he spoke.

"Twelve moons ago a song-bird dwelt in the wigwams of the Shawnees, in the village of Chillicothe, by the side of the Scioto. She was as fair as the rosy morn, as gentle as the summer wind, as little and graceful as the brown deer. She was called the Red Arrow."

"The Great Medicine speaks with a straight tongue—she Red Arrow was the daughter of the great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation. The chief now mourns for the loss of his flower." Ke-ne-ha-ha spoke sadly, and a gloomy cloud was on his brow as the words came from his lips.

The Shingling Bird was called the Red Arrow—a name fit more for a chief and a warrior than a bounding fawn—because when she was born the Great Spirit marked a red arrow—his totem—on her breast. Over her heart blazoned the mystic sign, yet her nature was as gentle as the pigeon's, though she bore the totem of slaughter."

"What my father says is true," said the chief. "All the Shawnee tribe know of the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha and of the mystic totem that she bore on her breast."

"But do all the Shawnee chiefs know of the manner of her death?"

The great chief started at the question and cast a searching glance into the face of the Great Medicine; that is, he would have looked into the face of the old Indian had not the blankets, wrapped around his head, hid it from the gaze of the chief.

"Does not my father know how the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha died?" asked the chief, slowly.

"Perhaps the Great Medicine has heard, but his memory is bad—he is an old man. Will the great chief tell him?"

"The Red Arrow left the wigwams of her people to wander in the forest. There she was eaten up by a bear. Ke-ne-ha-ha and a few of his chosen warriors searched for her and discovered her fate."

"The great chief lies to the Medicine Man," said the old Indian, calmly.

Fire flashed from the eyes of the chief, and he advanced a step with a threatening gesture toward the old Indian.

"Does the chief come with lies in his mouth into the sacred wigwam and then dare to raise his hand in violence to the Great Medicine Man because the Great Spirit bids his oracle speak the truth?" said the old Indian, sternly.

With an exclamation of anger, Ke-ne-ha-ha stepped back to his former position.

"The chief forges himself—he did not mean to offer harm to the Great Medicine Man."

"It is well. Mortal man can not harm the tongue of the Great Spirit. The Spirit-fires that flash from the storm-cloud would strike unto death the warrior that dares to lift his hand in menace to the Great Medicine of the Shawnee tribe."

With an expression of awe upon his features the chief listened to the words of the old Indian.

"Let my father forgive and forget," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, slowly.

"The Great Medicine will tell the Shawnee chief the fate of the Red Arrow. She wandered from the wigwams of her people because she had fallen in love with a pale-face—a hunter, whose cabin was by the Ohio and Muskingum. She left home, kindred, all, for the sake of the long rifle. She became his squaw. Does the Great Medicine speak truth?"

"Yes," Ke-ne-ha-ha answered, slowly and reluctantly.

"It is good. Does the chief see that it is useless to deceive the Great Medicine, who can look into men's hearts and read what is written there?"

"My father is wise."

"The Great Spirit has made him so," answered the old Indian, solemnly.

"The Great Medicine knows the fate of the Red Arrow?" Ke-ne-ha-ha asked.

"Yes; the Shawnees found her in the lodge of the pale-face. They asked her to return to her people. She refused, for she loved the white hunter. Then the red chiefs went away, but when the sky grew dark, covered by Manitou's mantle, again the Shawnee warriors stood by the lodge of the pale-face who had stolen from her home the singing-bird of the Shawnees. The brands were in their hands, the keen-edged scalping-knives in their belts. They gave to the fire the lodge of the pale-face, and while the flames roared and crackled, they shot the Red Arrow dead in their midst."

"The Shawnee woman who forsakes her tribe for a pale-face stranger deserves to die," said the chief, sternly.

"The chief speaks straight, for with his own hand he killed his daughter, the Red Arrow."

"And would also kill Le-a-pah, his other singing-bird, if she left the village of her fathers to sing in the wigwam of a white-skin," exclaimed Ke-ne-ha-ha, with stern accents.

"It is good."

"Why has my father told of the death of the bird who flew from her nest to dwell with the stranger?"

"Does not the chief wish to know why the Wolf Demon kills only the Shawnee warriors?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with the dead singing-bird?" Ke-ne-ha-ha said, puzzled.

"Does not the Wolf Demon leave his totem on the breast of his victims a Red Arrow?"

The chief started. For the first time the thought that the mark of the Wolf Demon and the name of his murdered daughter were alike, flashed across his mind.

"Why does the Wolf Demon take for his totem a Red Arrow?" demanded the chief.

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," said the old Indian, gravely. "When the lodge of the white hunter was burnt to the ground, and the body of the singing-bird lay before the warriors disfigured by the flames, they looked for the white hunter but could not find him."

"He was not in the lodge when my braves attacked it," interrupted the chief.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha is wrong. The white hunter was in the lodge. He saw the singing-bird fly from life to death, and was wounded by the bullets of the Shawnee warriors; then, when the lodge fell he was buried beneath the ruins. The eyes of the red braves were sharp, but they did not discover the wounded and helpless white-skin under the blackened logs. The red chiefs went away, satisfied with their vengeance. The white brave lay between life and death. A huge gray wolf came from the forest. He found the senseless man under the logs. The forest beast was hungry; he thirsted for human blood. The great gray wolf eat up the wounded white-skin. The body of the white hunter went to the stomach of the wolf. It died, but the soul of the white hunter lived. It did not fly from the body but went with it. The soul of

the wolf was small, the soul of the white hunter large, and the large soul eat up the little one. The wolf became a wolf with a human soul. The soul remembered the wrong that the Shawnee warriors had done its body; it burned for revenge. It made the wolf walk erect like a human; it taught him to carry in his paw the tomahawk of the red-man—to steal upon the Shawnee chiefs in the forest—to give their souls to the dark spirit and to graven on their breasts the totem of the Red Arrow. Thus the soul keeps alive the memory of the squaw that the Shawnee warriors killed."

The chief listened with amazement.

"How long will the wolf, who has a human soul, be an avenging angel to give to the death the warriors of my tribe?" the chief asked.

"How many warriors were with Ke-ne-ha-ha when he killed the Red Arrow?"

"Ten."

"Where are they now?"

The chief started. Of the ten warriors not one was living. All were dead, killed by the Wolf Demon. Each one bore the mark of the Red Arrow.

"Only one remains, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnee nation. He will die by the tomahawk of the white hunter, and then the Demon will go to the land of shadows."

With a sharp crack, the green stick snapped in two. The fire had eaten to the core. The Medicine Man arose.

"Let the chief prepare. The Wolf Demon is near."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

THE COLLEGE CLUB SEASON OF 1873.

ONE of the most noteworthy features of the base-ball season of 1873 has been the brilliant play shown by the leading college nines of the country, the season's record showing contests which have never been equaled in the annals of the amateur arena.

We are glad to note this fact, for eventually it will be to the college nines of the country. North, South, East and West, that we shall have to look for the finest displays of the beauties of the game and the most exciting—because earnest and legitimate—contests of each season.

The professional clubs will always have the material at command no doubt to make the best displays and to play the strongest games, but unfortunately the evil influences which seem to be necessarily connected with some professional nines, render it doubtful whether this class of players will at all times exert themselves to their utmost to win, and hence much of the interest which would otherwise be attached to their contests will be lost.

This can not occur in the cases of contests between rival college nines, for the *esprit de corps* and the earnest desire to carry off the palm of superiority must necessarily lead to the most strenuous efforts for success on every occasion of a match. We look forward to the day when the annual base-ball matches between the leading nines of our American colleges will become as interesting and exciting as are the inter-collegiate contests at cricket in England.

The past season of 1873 sees the championship of the college nines wrested from the grasp of the Harvards by the strong nine of the Jersey club of Princeton College, the record of this club though brief, being one marked by some very signal triumphs and noteworthy displays of the beauties of the game. The Princeton College nine opened their regular match season early in May with a victory over the crack amateur nine of Brooklyn, the Chelsea, the score being 12 to 1. Flushed with their success, they went for Yale rather prematurely, and received a lesson at the hands of the University nine to the tune of a 9 to 2 defeat.

They now got their nine well in hand, captured Yale on the return match by 10 to 9, and then attacking Harvard in their stronghold at Cambridge, came off triumphant in one of the best contested games of the season, the Princeton winning by a score of 3 to 1 in a full nine innings game, it being the best played college game on record. They now tried their skill against a professional nine, and meeting the Resolute at Princeton they defeated them by a score of 6 to 2. This ended their May contests, and out of the five games played they had won four. Afterward they defeated the same professional nine of Irvington by 81 to 7, and again defeated the Chelsea nine after an eleven innings contest, and in their closing game with the professional Athletics they kept the Philadelphia score down to 5 runs. Below we give the "champion's" record for 1873.

VICTORIES.

May 8, Princeton vs. Chelsea..... 12-1

May 21, Princeton vs. Yale..... 10-9

May 23, Princeton vs. Harvard..... 3-1

May 24, Princeton vs. Resolute (professional)..... 6-2

June 7, Princeton vs. Lafayette College..... 26-11

Sept. 27, Princeton vs. Irvington..... 31-7

Oct. 1, Princeton vs. Chelsea (eleven innings)..... 15-1

Oct. 15, Princeton vs. Brown (Freshmen)..... 47-3

Oct. 18, Princeton vs. Yale..... 18-4

Total..... 168-59

DEFEATS.

May 10, Yale vs. Princeton..... 9-2

June 12, Athletic vs. Princeton..... 22-6

Oct. 14, Athletic vs. Princeton..... 5-0

Nov. 7, Athletic vs. Princeton..... 5-0

Total..... 32-11

Glancing over the record of games played by college club nines with each other and with other amateur nines we find the following record of games in which the scores on the winning side did not exceed ten runs:

Princeton vs. Harvard..... 3-1

Rose Hill vs. Arlington..... 4-3

King Phillip vs. Tufts College..... 7-3

Yale vs. Princeton..... 9-2

King Phillip vs. Harvard..... 8-6

The following is the Harvard club (ex-champions) record for 1873 as far as we have been able to obtain scores:

April 3, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 5-12

April 19, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 0-22

April 26, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 4-12

May 10, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 5-11

May 21, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 7-14

May 23, Harvard vs. Princeton..... 1-3

May 28, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 16-15

May 29, Harvard vs. Yale..... 2-14

A DETERMINED SUICIDER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Discarded by Malinda Jones,
Poor Mugs was quite undone;
If forty thousand saddest words
Were boiled down into one
It wouldn't by four hundred miles
Express the injury done.

Alas the misery of life
And heartlessness of maids!
This young man wrote per postal-card,
"Fare thee well, my happiness fades;
You never will see my face again,
For I shall seek the shades."

He swore in the canal he'd plunge,
Into its depths to sink;
With frenzy rolling in his eye
He paused upon the brink
And cried, "Farewell to grief and pain,"
And went and took a drink!

He got possession of a gun
That always shot quite true,
And bullets not a few;
He put the muzzle to his head
And thought it wouldn't do!

For Rat Exterminator then
He to the druggist sped,
And on some bread that deadly stuff
He very thickly spread,
And wildly ate three-quarters of
Another slice of bread!

To show how earnestly intent
He was on being slain,
He sought the influence of cast-steel
To get relief from pain;
He drew a dagger keen, and plunged
It in his chest again.

Beneath the engine's grinding wheels
He swore to end his woes,
And as the train comes thundering up
Oh, horror! see he throws—
All thoughts of suicide aside,
And somewhere else he goes.

The Blind Ford.

A TALE OF THE KICKAPOO RAID.

BY LAUNCE POYNTEZ.

"Tell ye, Gin'ral, it's the only way ye'll ever catch them. They don't come over hyar without knowin' pretty well where the sogers are, and ye mout chase them from here to Maine without ketchin' sight of more than a stray huff-track. If ye don't lay in wait fur 'em at the crossings, ye mout as well stay in camp and spare yer hoss-flesh."

And old Silas shook his head wisely as he regarded the young officer by his side, whom he addressed as "General," although his shoulder-straps only bore a colonel's eagle.

Silas Hitchcock was one of the most experienced of all the frontier scouts, and his frequent expeditions through Colorado and the great western regions had given him the sobriquet of "Mountain Silas." He and the young colonel were sitting side by side on the piazza of the officers' quarters at Fort Clark, Texas, conversing in low tones, while the rapid whirl of feet and the mellow strains of a band within the great dining-hall gave token that a military ball was going on.

Colonel McDonald, brevet major-general, U. S. A., and colonel of the—th cavalry, was the district commander; and had stopped at Fort Clark to visit the post, on a tour of inspection. A ball was arranged by the officers of the post, for that evening, to enliven the tedium of a frontier garrison, and the wives and daughters of every *ranchero*, for many miles round, were dancing with the gay covers of the post.

The young colonel had taken part in the festivities, but had slipped away early to the piazza, where he was conversing with the veteran scout about the frequent depredations of border Indians.

As old Silas uttered his last piece of advice, two very beautiful girls, of the true Mexican brunette style, one of whom had but a little before been flirting desperately with the handsome colonel, suddenly swept up and took their seats on the inside of the same window, by which the officer sat, on the piazza, in a rocking-chair.

"I don't see what use 'twould be to lie in wait at one crossing," said the young officer, musingly. "The raiders might hear of it, and take another. I see no way to do but—"

Here he started violently, as old Silas suddenly pinched his knee, and burst into a loud laugh, pointing through the window at an unlucky officer and his partner, who had come to grief together by slipping on the ball-room floor, waxed for the occasion. The old hunter roared with apparent amusement, and uttered a flood of sarcastic remarks in the coarse mountain style of his class, which so shocked the two girls that they hastily withdrew, uttering an indignant:

"*Madre de Dios! que palabras!*" [Mother of God, what words.]

The young colonel was deeply offended at the liberty, and was about to rebuke the uncultivated mountaineer, when Silas whispered:

"All right, Gin'ral. I know'd what I were arter. Least said afore a Greaser gal, soonest mended. Ef ye want to talk, we must go somewhar whar we kin depend on ourselves."

The district commander checked the rebuke on his lips.

"You're right, Silas," he said, thoughtfully. "Come to my quarters and consult with me."

And the two strolled away across the parade-ground.

At the fall of the moon, while a dense fog hung over the Rio Grande, two men, in citizens' clothes, but fully armed, rode through the prairie toward the timber on the north bank of the river.

Seen by daylight, one would have thought them two adventurous hunters, bolder than common, for the ground on which they rode was accounted very dangerous. Seen at night, without any company, it might easily be guessed that something beyond the common must have actuated their movements.

As they entered the screen of woodland that bordered the river, the elder and stouter of the two whispered:

"Now, Gin'ral, this hyar's the place if I hain't greatly mistook. That's a ford some-what hyar, and the Injuns knows it, but I never could track 'em myself any furdur than the rocks. That's a slantendicklar ridge across the river hyar, but the current runs like a mill-tail on each side. Ef we kin find the place we're lucky."

The voice was that of Mountain Silas, and the burly figure and heavy beard were those of the same individual. His companion was the slender and youthful Colonel McDonald, in plain clothes. By their horses' feet loped silently along a large hound.

The two horsemen rode into the cover and dismounted, fastening their horses in the deepest shadow, then both stole off toward the river bank, followed by the faithful dog.

"Do you think you can find the ford, Silas?" whispered the commander, as he held back a bough that threatened to make an undue rustle.

"Dunno, Gin'ral; I kin only try," was the cautious reply, as the old mountaineer caught sight of the faint gleam of water through the white fog, lighted up by the moon. "That's the stream, anyway."

They stole down, and wandered up and down the banks for some little time, in doubt which way to go. The dark current rushed swiftly

along under black banks at the place where they were; and it was obvious that the ford could not exist there. The fog still hung over the waters, although the full moon above made it as light as day, and the further bank was quite invisible.

After some minutes spent in this way, the young officer halted, and spoke, in a low voice: "I'm afraid you're wrong, Silas; there can't be any ford with this black water. We couldn't get troops across here."

The scout made no answer. He was plainly puzzled.

"I'll swear I've tracked 'em across hyar," he muttered; "and they couldn't ha' got off anywhere, except across the river. But whar they come in beats me, I swear."

Just at this moment the hound with which uttered a low, suspicious "wuff," and Silas ejaculated:

"Some un's a-comin' Gin'ral. Look to yer shootin'-irons. Injuns!"

The young officer quickly brought round his rifle, while he patted the neck of the dog and brought him close in, saying:

"Quiet, Gelert, quiet! Indians, sir! Lie low!"

Instantly the dog became as still as a statue, pressing close against his master, and looking round toward the river.

Presently they heard the regular splashing that told of some parties in the water, and Silas whispered:

"I knowed it, Gin'ral; that's the blind ford, I'll swear."

Presently the noise resolved itself into the regular tramp and splash of horses coming through the river, but the fog as yet hid every thing.

At last there was a louder splashing than ever, and something dark loomed up in the water, in the midst of the river. It was a horse and Indian rider, in a plunging movement, as if the animal was trying to regain its footing, which it had lost in the swift current.

"That's the ford," whispered Silas, excitedly. "I knowed 'twas a ridge o' rock. But, holy Moses, what's that?"

As he spoke the horseman came steadily on in the midst of the river, his horse hardly knee-deep, in the same water which flowed

found it last night by the Blind Ford of the Rio Grande, dropped from the shoulders of a woman, who rode double with a Lipan chief. Now listen: you will come with me now, and show me that ford, or—*see betide you and your lover.*"

The girl turned deadly pale, and tried to equivocate; but the colonel cut her short. He took her by the wrist, and led her forward, saying:

"It is enough. You have been to the Kickapoo camp with news of my movements. Now you shall guide me yourself, or die, with him."

And guide him she did, for she feared too much for her own safety. And that was the way that Uncle Sam's boys crossed the Blind Ford, and avenged the Indian raids, by hunting out the Kickapoos on Mexican soil.

Strange Stories.

THE WAXEN IMAGE.

A Legend of Nostradamus, the Sorcerer.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A TALL and handsome gentleman was Adrien, Count Le Barth, a Breton, born and bred, loyal to the king and faithful to the traditions that told that a lord of Brittany was always a father to his people. A brave and valiant soldier, he had served under the great Duke of Guise when, by the sudden attack at midnight upon the Ristbank fort, Calais had been wrested from the English power.

The wars were ended now, and the Breton lord had returned to his old stone castle near to the town of Rennes, and there, in his ancestral halls he had been suddenly stricken with a most strange and wondrous malady.

Stout in limb and strong in sinew, like to his hardy ancestor, who had carried the war-cries of the house of Le Barth. "For Brittany and France!" to the front of many a gory field, the strange, wasting sickness that came upon him was a puzzle to the learned doctors. Their store of mineral poisons, dug from the bottom of the earth, could not reach out and re-

bine eyes, like unto himself; Adrien was her son. The second, an Eastern beauty, whom he had met in a far-off land. Wild and strange in her ways, she had impressed the simple Bretons as being something more than mortal. She did not bloom long in the grim old castle, around which the stern north winds howled, and the grim spirits of old ocean danced.

Dying in the midst of a fearful storm, when the lightning's flash paled the candle's glare, and the storm winds rocked the castle gray, from the grass-grown moat to the donjon tower, the gift she left behind, a puny infant son, seemed more like a remembrance of woe than glad ease.

Ten years the senior, Adrien, like to the custom of his race, had, when manhood's dawn began to gather on his chin, joined the ranks of war and proved himself worthy to be the heir of the brave race of Le Barth. But Victor, feeble and ailing, with his mother's strange eyes and stranger ways, cared not for the rough sports common to youths of his age and breeding; deep engaged in some ancient tome he studied the live-long day, and even borrowed a few hours of the night.

Little wonder was it then, when the younger son of the Le Barth line sought Paris to become an advocate.

Many wondered why he had not chosen the church, if his taste tended to lore and study, rather than the lower grade; but others wiser shook their heads and whispered that the wild Saracen blood of the mother still beat within the veins of the son, and could ill-brook the holy rites that told the truths of Mother Church.

And now warrior and student were face to face; the one wrestling in the relentless gripe of the King of Terrors, the other, slender as a willow, and sickly in face, but sinewy strong as steel in his body, fragile as it seemed.

"The end will come soon, Victor," the stricken man said, slowly, "how soon I care not, for I am weary of this pain. When I am gone, all here is yours."

"Speak not of that," cried the younger man, quickly; "and despair not; help may come. Even now my horse waits in the courtyard to hear me to Rennes. Worthy Simon Renois has promised me a rare cordial, which he has com-

chance I found there the rough draft of the horoscope that I drew for you, twenty-two years ago. I was anxious to learn if I had read the stars right. I consulted them anew, and from them learned of the fearful danger that threatened you. A secret foe has made a waxen figure, each feature perfect to your own; with unalloyed dew has he bathed it, and long, pointed wires has he thrust into its sides. From those wounds come the pains you feel, and on the stroke of twelve to-night, with magical arts, a silver dagger he will thrust to the heart of the image. That stroke seals your doom, if his charms be more powerful than mine. We must begin at once; rise up and facing the mirror!"

Then around the chair wherein sat the count a strange, mystic circle, formed of perfumed drugs, Nostradamus drew.

Fast sped the hours away, and many a magic sign the wizard traced, and many a powerful rhyme recited.

And on the first stroke of the bell that told the hour of twelve a live coal from the fire Nostradamus applied to the circle, and leaping flames surrounded the count.

The mirror revealed a strange scene; an antique room, and Victor, the advocate, in its center, the waxen image fixed to the wall, and a silver dagger in his hand.

On the second stroke of the bell, the advocate raised his arm, and on the third essayed to stab the image to the heart, but at the moment, Nostradamus dextrously covered the breast of Adrien with a curiously polished steel mirror.

Then, in the great glass, the two saw a wondrous scene; the dagger had shattered and the broken point had sought the guilty heart of the advocate.

Master Nostradamus had saved the Count Le Barth.

The advocate was never seen again; Adrien recovered and lived to marry a Breton lady and see an heir to the line of Le Barth.

Beat Time's Notes.

THESE sweet winter mornings about day-break your wife wakes you up with pounding, and you pleasantly ask "What the thunder's the matter?" and before you have time to go to sleep again you hear her say: "My dear, you must get up and make the fire!" and then you go to sleep serenely. You dream of another earthquake and wake up enough to know your wife is shaking you, and you catch just enough of what she says—which includes something about a fire—to quiet your mind by another nap. You just begin to wonder by the brook-side with your first love when you wake up at a very sharp dig in the ribs and almost imagine you hear something about "making a fire," but not being sure of your ears you go to sleep, when you begin to dream of falling down-stairs and find your wife is shaking you up again, and you ask what it is, and she says, "Get up and make that fire," and you observe "Is that all?" and are not awake. Your wife says tenderly that your fire has gone out. You smother the least little bit of profanity in the bed-clothes, and, vowing you will make that fire burn if you freeze, you get up, light it again, and shiver over it until it does burn, thinking that the winter would be a nice season if the cold weather was only out of it.

I HAVE one of the most wonderful clocks at my house that you ever saw. My friends have a special invitation to call and see it (after dinner). It not only winds itself up, but it will wind up a poem in the most artistic manner; it will wind up a fuss in quick time; wind up yarn and wind up a well-bucket with the greatest ease. It will look at its watch and tell you the time of day. It will tell you the time to take medicine, or another drink. It tells you what kind of a time you will have at an evening party. It will also add up four columns of figures in two minutes and a half, keeping its own time, carving all these things with the extreme. It will wake you up, or put you to sleep at any hour you may wish. It will keep your butcher's and your baker's account with great accuracy, and tell you when your quarter's rent is due, and how many months thereafter you expect to raise it. It not only keeps the room cool in summer, but it keeps the flies from the table when you are at dinner. It tells you when to look for bad weather and when to look for company; but it can't tell you when your company will leave—this is the only fault this clock has. It not only assists the baby in cutting teeth and keeps it quiet, but it catches rats. The character of the clock is far above reproach, and it never took any back pay! Immediately subsequent to all meals this clock can be seen free of charge.

Yes, I would advise all persons to learn to swim. I saved me from drowning once, and I'll never forget it. I was in a skiff above the Niagara Falls last summer, and becoming absorbed in a subject which I thought would be a pretty good joke for the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, I found that it wouldn't do at all, and that I was very near the brink of the fall. Yes, I saw I was good for the fall, but without any chance for a spring. It was no use trying to save myself. The current grew swifter, and I might as well try to imagine my feelings. Every good deed I ever did in my life rose up before me—I hadn't time for all the bad ones. The spectators on both shores were greatly excited, and their voices went on to me, which I could not catch, or I might have saved myself. One moment on the awful verge I paused, and then down I plunged! Oh, think of it! When about half-way down I recollected I had early learned to swim. I gained courage and began to swim with the desperation of a man for whom they would sit a chair at the table when evening's home pleasures were high and miss the regular absence of a good deal of beefsteak. I found that my descent was checked, and I brought renewed exertions to bear, and, though the current was a strong one against me, I gradually began to gain on it. It was a terrible swim, but, with arms going as fast as a musketeer's wing, I slowly approached the top, and just as I reached it my strength gave way and down I plunged into the seething abyss and was never heard of more!



twenty feet in perpendicular depth, close to their feet. It was a singular sight, and rendered more so by the fact that the horse carried a double burden, and that the figure on the croup was a woman. In a moment more, a second horse, similarly loaded, followed; and the two passed slowly by the watchers, looming like ghosts in the uncertain light of the moon through the white fog.

Neither said a word, till the silent apparitions had passed from left to right, and then both, as if by a common impulse, stole off to the right, and followed the course of the phantom horsemen. They saw them slant across the river, and come to the bank long way above, and just as they arrived there, Silas leveled his rifle, took a hasty aim and fired. It was at the moment the first horse stood on dry land.

The effect of the shot was immediate and wonderful. Both figures disappeared, as if the river had swallowed them up, and when the hunter and the officer reached the spot, they were swept by the current far below. In vain they searched. All that they found was a black lace mantilla, such as is worn by Mexican senoritas; and with this trophy the young General rode back to the fort, very thoughtful.

Mountain Silas was, on the contrary, jubilant. He had found the Blind Ford.

"To horse!" blew the trumpets of the—th cavalry, a few hours later; and toward dawn, as the long lines of warriors stood by their horses' heads, Colonel McDonald looked from the window of the officers' quarters on the army, and his brow was dark and troubled. In his hand he clutched the torn lace mantilla, picked up at the river-bank, which he had recognized in a moment. It had covered the white shoulders of Dona Pepita de Lamas, who, with her sister Carlotta, had attended the ball, the evening before. The General had more than half fallen in love with her; and now, to find her in league with ruffian border Indians, was too much for him. He had ascertained that both girls had returned to their father's ranch, some hours after his own arrival at the fort. His men were even then bringing them in, below. In a moment more, Pepita, the queenly, stood before him, proudly interrogating him with her dark eyes.

When they were alone, the young officer quietly held up the torn mantilla.

"Senorita," he said, "you know this. I

move the rooted malady that lurked in the blood and bones of the stalwart count. Neither could the wise dames, who cured all mortal illnesses by means of simples culled "i' the moon's eclipse" do aught to ease the pain of the Breton lord.

Slowly, day by day, he wasted away, the deadly sickness eating even to the marrow of his bones.

The learned doctors, skillful leeches all, talked vaguely of poisons, administered by slow degrees, that killed not in a minute, nor in an hour, but in a month and a year.

Believ to the count they told their suspicions, and he, while replying that he knew not a soul in the world who could wish to do him scath and harm, still took ample precautions. Neither bite nor sup did he take without the walls of his castle; and even there, although the domestics had grown gray in his service, a trusty knave tasted every dish and supped the wine sent to his lord's table.

Vain precautions; the count grew worse day by day. And then old gossips talked; strange tales they told of spells and charms brought from the Holy Land, by the pilgrims who had ventured there in days of yore, when the Cross and Crescent had met in battle's stern array.

Some unholy spell had sure been laid upon the Lord of Le Barth, and naught but the Church's might could work a cure.

And then the gray monks had come from St. Francis' holy shrine; in solemn prayer had they knelt, and the pealing chant and perfumed incense had risen on the air within the old stone walls.

But the efforts of monk and leech alike were vain; worse and worse grew the stout lord of Le Barth.

The red rays of the dying sun shone in through the oriel window, and played upon the oaken floor, close to the couch whereon reposed the ailing man. Though clad in winter garments, he shivered at the touch of the balmy spring winds.

By the side of the couch stood the next of kin to the stricken lord, a half-brother, Victor by name. No true descendant was he of the stout lords of the old Breton line, for he was short and slender, with the almond eyes of the East and the swarthy skin of the Moor, who held sovereign sway over our Savior's tomb in far-off Palestine.

Two wives had Le Barth the father wedded; one a Breton maid, with yellow hair and great

pounded after much study, and he is sure that it will aid thee. By morning I will return."

The advocate quitted the chamber, and the ailing lord was left to his own sad thoughts.

Ere many minutes his eyes half-shut, as a dreamy doze came over him.

Suddenly he felt the light pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, and unclosing his eyes in astonishment, he looked upon a stranger.

A little pale-faced man, clad in ink robes, his hair cut short and his face smoothly shaven.

"Good-day, my lord," said the stranger, in soft and measured tones: "you are sadly ill."

"Indeed I am," replied Adrien, with his usual Breton frankness; "but, pardon the question, who are you? Your face is familiar, but—"

"You do not remember me," said the stranger, finishing the sentence. "Let me recall a circumstance to your mind. This night, twenty-two years ago, three young officers, attached to the body-guard of Francis I., as the end of a night of pleasure sought a certain dwelling in the Rue Rivoli, there to learn what the future had in store for them."

"I know you now!" cried the count, suddenly: "you are Master Nostradamus, the Sorcerer!"

The little man shook his head reproachfully. "No, no sorcerer," he said, "simply one who in the stars reads the decrees of fate."

"And reads them truthfully, too!" exclaimed Adrien. "I remember now; de Savigny was slain by a lance-thrust at Pavia, and St. George was thrown from his horse and killed while hunting in the wood of Fontainebleau, just as you predicted."

"And your fate?"

"Strange! I can not remember that, except that a fatal danger was to threaten me before my forty-second birthday, and there, Master Nostradamus, you will be in error, for I live to hear the midnight bell chime the hour, that time will be past."

"Your birth minute comes on the last stroke of the twelve, and had I not hastened hither from Paris, that minute would have been your last," said Nostradamus, solemnly. "You are under a powerful spell; one fetched from the realms below by the magic of the East, and famed for mortal harm. For three months a wasting illness has preyed upon you."

"Yes, every now and then a sudden pain racked me even to the marrow of my bones."

"A week ago I knew not whether you lived or no; but examining my parchments by